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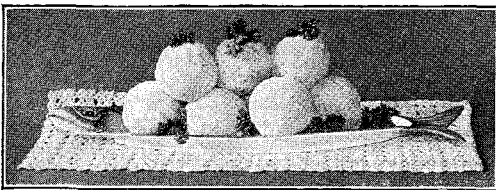
FOODS - Wholesome Delicate and Dainty

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THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Dept. B, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Outlook

FEBRUARY 3, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief

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Contributing Editor



THE DEMOCRATS AND THE STEEL SCHEDULE

The Ways and Means Committee in the House has reported a bill revising the steel schedule. The bill puts on the free list iron ore, hoop and band iron, barbed wire and wire fencing, nails, horseshoes, cash registers, printing-presses, sewing-machines, and typewriters. All of the duties on other articles are changed to an *ad valorem* basis. According to the estimate of Mr. Underwood, the Democratic leader, the average duty on steel products will be reduced by the bill from about thirty-four per cent to about twenty-two per cent. Mr. Underwood further declares that the proposed rates would mean a reduction in revenue of nearly a million dollars if importations remained at the level of 1911, and of four million dollars if importations were the same in amount as in 1910. He predicts, however, that the rates would mean an increase in the importation of steel products amounting to \$20,000,000. According to the report of the Committee, the proposed rates, which are from thirty to fifty per cent lower than in the existing tariff, are fixed on a tariff-for-revenue-only basis. The Committee also declares that a survey of the iron and steel industry shows convincingly that the industry does not need the helping hand of the Government in order to stand in competition with foreign countries. The Democratic majority in the House can undoubtedly pass the bill without delay, but what its fate will be in the Senate and at the hands of the President, if it gets so far, remains to be seen. The present Congress, with its mixed control in the two houses, has made little progress in tariff revision. But one thing it has apparently established which ought never to be undone—that the tariff shall be revised schedule by schedule. This is the only method which will eliminate the most serious evils which have hitherto attended tariff-making. There is, however, another principle which in our judgment is

no less important in tariff-making—the principle that tariff schedules shall be based upon exact information prepared for Congress by impartial experts. The Republican party is committed to a protective tariff with rates of duty based on the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, and to a scientific tariff commission for the ascertainment of the facts in regard to the difference in the cost of production. The Democratic party is apparently inclining to a tariff for revenue only, though it is difficult to believe that its leaders in Congress expect, or at least will be able, to eliminate the protective principle entirely. The proper construction of any tariff schedule based either wholly or in part upon the protective principle requires careful knowledge of certain facts—the volume of importations of each item in the schedule and the amount of revenue brought in by each item, the conditions and cost of production both in this country and abroad, and the conditions under which goods manufactured in this country are sold abroad (whether, that is, goods manufactured here are regularly sold at lower prices for export than for domestic consumption. The present Tariff Board has shown that it can perform valuable service in securing accurate information upon these points. We believe that it could be of equal service in securing and tabulating the facts essential to the proper construction of a tariff schedule upon a revenue basis, and we do not believe that Congress will be able to revise the tariff intelligently and efficiently without such accurate information secured by an impartial expert or body of experts.

A SAFEGUARD ASSURED TO WAGE-EARNERS

Workingmen have won a new freedom by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in four cases, one of them coming from the State Supreme Court of Connecticut; the others

from Federal courts in Minnesota and Massachusetts. The suits were brought under an Act of Congress of 1910 which provided that every common carrier engaged in inter-State commerce shall be liable in damages to any employee for injury received, though the injury may have been caused by the negligence of a fellow-employee, and though the injured party may have been guilty of contributory negligence; and, further, that "any contract, rule, regulation, or device whatsoever, the purpose or intent of which shall be to enable any common carrier to exempt itself from any liability created by this Act, shall to that extent be void." The Supreme Court holds that this Act is Constitutional and that rights arising under this Act may be enforced in the courts of the States when their jurisdiction, as fixed by local laws, is adequate to the occasion. It thus overrules the decision of Judge (now Governor) Simeon E. Baldwin, in the famous Hoxie case, which Mr. Roosevelt criticised a year ago last fall, and for his criticism of which he was at one time threatened with a libel suit. In that case Judge Baldwin held that the provision of Congress making void any contract by the laborer to exempt a corporation of its liability was itself void because it denied to the employees that liberty of contract which the Constitution of the United States secures to every one within its jurisdiction. To this the Supreme Court of the United States replies: "It suffices to say, in view of our recent decisions, that if Congress possesses the power to impose that liability, which we here hold that it does, it also possesses the power to insure its efficacy by prohibiting any contract, rule, regulation, or device in evasion of it." In other words, the Supreme Court takes the view that Mr. Roosevelt held—namely, that the right of a man to be driven by necessity to abandon his rights is no right at all.



A NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

The American people have been gradually awakening during the past few years to the idea of the city park as not merely an adornment, but an instrument of social service to the community. We are coming more and more to realize that life is better worth living in those cities which have relatively large park areas effectively developed not only as beauty spots but as recreation centers and playgrounds for all classes in

the community. But we have not yet made effective application of the same idea to our National parks. It is true that we have an ample measure of them in area, but we are not yet sure as a people just what we want them for; and we have as yet given them no efficient and intelligent administration. There are in the United States thirteen National parks, embracing over four and a half million acres. At present, as the Secretary of the Interior has pointed out in his annual report, each of these parks is a separate and distinct unit for administrative purposes. Special appropriations are made for each park, and the employment of a common supervising and directing force is impossible. As the President of the American Civic Association said in his address at the Association's recent convention, "Nowhere in official Washington can an inquirer find an office of the National parks, or a desk devoted solely to their management. By passing around through three departments, and consulting clerks who have taken on the extra work of doing what they can for the Nation's playgrounds, it is possible to come at a little information." A bill is before Congress for the creation of a Bureau of National Parks, the head of which shall have the supervision, management, and control of all the National parks and National monuments in the country, and shall have the duty of developing these areas so that they shall be the most efficient agencies possible for promoting public recreation and public health through their use and enjoyment by the people. We have a single amendment to propose to the bill. The new bureau should be called the National Park Service, in conformity with the custom already established in naming the Forest Service. The establishment of the National Park Service is justified by considerations of good administration, of the value of natural beauty as a National asset, and of the effectiveness of outdoor life and recreation in the production of good citizenship.



THE VINDICATION OF DR. WILEY

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's course in enforcing the Pure Food Law not only against frauds and quacks, but also against the influence of some fellow-officials in the Government, has been approved by a regular Committee of the House of Representatives. And the report of the Committee is signed by all its members, Democratic and

Republican alike. As Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Dr. Wiley has borne the brunt of the struggle to make the Pure Food Law effective. He has had to see much of his effort nullified by others, particularly by Solicitor McCabe, of the Department of Agriculture. When charges were brought against Dr. Wiley, and were indorsed by Attorney-General Wickersham, the fight was brought into the open. Though the President refused to sustain the charges, and decided in favor of Dr. Wiley, the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture investigated the matter. As a result the Committee finds that the administration of the Department has been faulty, especially in reducing Dr. Wiley's authority and in treating administrative questions as if they were judicial. The Committee recognizes the services that Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, has rendered, but speaks plainly about the disorganization from which, under his administration, the Department has suffered. Concerning the employment of an expert, for which, among other things, the Attorney-General recommended the punishment of Dr. Wiley and others, this Committee declares that the accused officials were actuated by a desire to secure the services of an efficient assistant; that the form of contract under which this expert was employed is simply "technically illegal," and that Congress should specifically provide for the employment of such experts. Indeed, in one respect at least, the tables seem to have been turned, and action taken in the interest of those opposed to Dr. Wiley is declared in one case to have been "wholly without warrant of law." Of course the report of this Committee has of itself no effect upon the personnel or the organization of an Executive department; but the fact that it is unanimous is an encouraging indication that Congress, as well as public sentiment, is behind the wholesome and effective principles for which Dr. Wiley stands.

FOOLING THE PEOPLE

While it is true, as Mr. Lincoln said, that it is not possible to fool all the people all the time, it is also true that it is quite possible to fool a great many people a part of the time. By taking different groups of people at different times, the "fooling" business is conducted in this country with profit by groups of scoundrels who are reinforced

year after year by fresh and inventive spirits. The report of the Chief Inspector of the Post-Office Department sheds a lurid light on the extensive and profitable "fooling" of people carried on in this country last year. In spite of what are generally regarded as "hard times" and the feeling of extreme caution which prevails in business circles, the Post-Office Department put an end to frauds which had already extracted in one way or another about seventy-nine million dollars. Many events in recent years have gone a long way to shake the impression that Americans, though lacking in artistic impulse, are shrewd business people. It seems to be only necessary to hold out some alluring promise of impossible profits to secure a good living through the mails. Mining shafts which were never sunk, ore which was never brought to the surface, enormous plants which are purely imaginary, form an attraction which to many good, honest, but dull-minded people seem irresistible. Any clever scoundrel who will promise thirty per cent in six months, or a hundred and twenty per cent in a year, has only to hire a small room, put in a desk, and open his morning mail in order to live like a millionaire, with a limousine in the street waiting to take him to an expensive restaurant for a Roman feast. Of course it may be said that in a country in which such colossal fortunes have been made in such short time and in which the advance of prices, with occasional intermissions, is so steady, there is bred an optimistic temper and a desire to "get rich quick" which seems to deprive many people, temporarily, of their reason. But so many swindles have been exposed that even people in the remotest part of the country ought now to be on guard. "He didn't know it was loaded" is no longer accepted as a defense; and after the wide publicity given to thieves and scoundrels who publish alluring advertisements there is no longer any excuse for a man who invests in enterprises about which he knows nothing and with which he makes no intelligent endeavor to acquaint himself.

AN ACCIDENT WITH A LESSON

High officials of railways are not immune from death and injury in railway travel. An accident on the Illinois Central last week caused the death of James T. Harahan, former President of that railway; Frank C. Melcher, second Vice-President of the Rock Island

System; E. B. Pierce, General Counsel of the Rock Island System; and Major Eldredge E. Wright, Counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad. Major Wright was the son of the former Governor-General of the Philippines and Secretary of War. A private car constructed of wood was attached to the rear of the New Orleans Express. While the train was stopping to get water for the engine, another express train, coming from the rear, rushed at full speed into the standing train, tore its way into the private car in which a number of men were sleeping, and scattered wreckage about. The steel cars, of which the main portion of the train was composed, were, it is reported, virtually uninjured; but the wooden private car was smashed. It is said that the explanation for the accident is to be found in some misunderstanding of signals or forgetting of orders on the part of the employees in charge of the second train. On the whole, one is safe while traveling on a railway—perhaps safer there than in most other places; nevertheless, there is little comfort to those who have been injured in railway accidents, or those who have lost friends or relatives in railway accidents, to be assured that injuries and deaths of passengers in railway accidents are not as high in average as injuries and deaths from many other causes. Especially is this so in the case of such a needless accident as that which killed Mr. Harahan. A needless accident is not made more endurable because of its comparative rarity. A little more than five years ago the President of the Southern Railway, Mr. Samuel Spencer, was killed by a similar accident. Both accidents were of the sort that may properly be called preventable.

THE LESSON FROM THE ACCIDENT

An ordinary automatic block system, by which signals are set against a train so long as another train is within a certain distance ahead of it, provides a very large degree of safety. Such a system, however, is not proof against the custom on the part of railway engineers of running past their signals, whether they do so through specific instructions of their superiors or through the desire to make good time. It is not, moreover, proof against the sudden collapse of an engineer on duty. So long as the stopping of the train depends in the last analysis upon the hand of the engineer, the possibility of accidents of this kind is not reduced to a minimum. Some day, on all

railways, steam and electrical, there will be the same kind of automatic stop system that there is now in operation on the subway system in New York City. Some day, too, wooden cars like the private car in which these men lost their lives will be relegated to the scrap heap and their places taken by the steel cars which have repeatedly shown their superiority from the point of view of safety.

THE SECURITY OF INSURERS

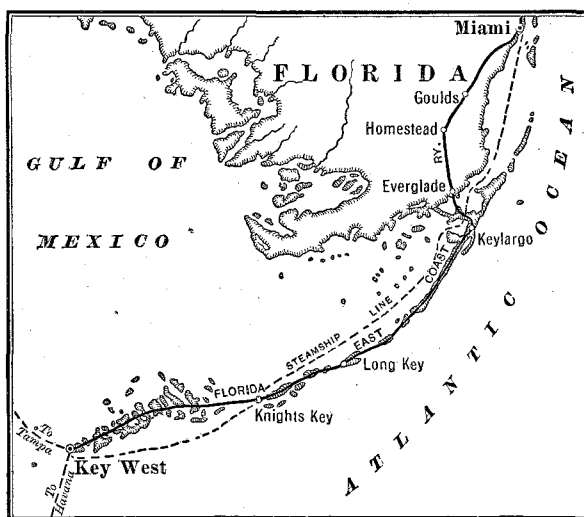
The Equitable Building fire was one of the most sensational in the history of New York. Yet out of this appalling disaster a new feeling of security as regards insurance has arisen. The vaults have safely protected from damage the millions of dollars' worth of securities and other documents entrusted to them, and the Equitable Company itself emerges practically unharmed, its assets almost unimpaired, and its policy holders' interests thoroughly safeguarded. This is a reassuring example of what real protection is vouchsafed to members of American life insurance companies of good standing. It is true that in this case many valuable actuarial and other records were lost, and that the Company will suffer considerable inconvenience, but this merely means an additional amount of clerical work. In other words, the Company has—leaving out, of course, the unfortunate loss of life—suffered, not a disaster, but merely an inconvenience! The same would unquestionably be true if, for instance, the Mutual Life Building, situated across the street from the burned building, had been destroyed. Very little real money is kept in a life insurance home office. Its financial assets are represented by papers of almost no intrinsic value. Its real estate deeds and mortgages are all merely copies of other papers kept by State and Government authorities where they are recorded; even its stocks and bonds are merely documents which, if destroyed, could be duplicated. So far as the records of its policies and obligations to its policy holders are concerned, nearly everything of this sort kept in the home office is duplicated in the agency offices, which are located all over the country, and sometimes in many other countries. Even if it can be conceived that the safes containing the investment holdings should be destroyed, this catastrophe would hardly mean anything more than inconvenience and the added expense of much ad

ditional work. In other words, policy-holders in well-established and sound American life insurance companies need not be disquieted over fears that the value of their membership would be seriously impaired by a conflagration. In the Equitable case it is gratifying that policy-holders generally were so little perturbed by what seemed at first to be—but what was not—a serious menace to their interests.



A RAILWAY THAT GOES TO SEA

Under this title nearly five years ago we described the beginning of one of the most remarkable engineering undertakings of modern times—the extension of a railway along the many keys or small islands lying at the southern end of Florida. Now this wonderful piece of railway construction has been completed, and on Monday of last week the road was formally opened. The Over-Sea Railway is due to the broad vision and the financial courage of one man—Mr. Henry M. Flagler, who now, at the age of eighty-two, sees the gigantic plan which he conceived brought to a successful end. A glance at the accompanying map will show the course of this line, which jumps, as it were, from one island to another over enormous bridges and trestles. The longest of these jumps is that crossed by the great Flagler Viaduct, which is over seven miles in length. In many places the bed of the road is made of coral rock; in others concrete has been used on a large scale. The road ends in Key West, after one final leap across the deep water. Thus Key West, which is already an important manufacturing place, but given over almost solely to the one industry of cigar-making, and is the southernmost point on our Atlantic coast, is made physically as well as politically a part of the United States. There is good reason to expect that the result may be to make Key West a port of general importance, particularly after the completion of the Panama Canal. The other great object accomplished by the new railway is to bring the capital of Cuba much nearer to the United States. By the new route the time from York to Havana is reduced to only fifty hours and the sea trip is reduced to only six hours. The line is about one hundred and fifty miles in length, running from Miami to Key West, and its construction has cost over one hun-



THE OVER-SEA RAILWAY

dred thousand dollars per mile. Its exposure to the sea has made necessary unusually strong and heavy construction, and the cost has been increased by the fact that all materials have had to be brought a great distance, including even the drinking water used by the laborers. The traveler by this route will have the novel experience of a long journey over a slender causeway which for a long distance separates the Atlantic Ocean from the Gulf of Mexico.



NEW YORK CITY HALL PARK SAVED

City Hall Park in New York City has at last been saved from the danger which threatened it. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has now approved the recommendation of its committee that the new Court-House be built on a site lying between the new Municipal Building and the Hall of Records on the south, the Tombs on the north, Lafayette Street on the west, and Mulberry Bend Park on the east. If all the recommendations of the committee are carried out, New York City will be well on the way to having a civic center worthy of the city. The credit for saving the City Hall Park from a deplorable invasion is in large measure due to Mayor Gaynor, who twice disapproved a bill which would have made the location of the Court-House in the Park almost inevitable. But it is in even larger measure due to the aroused public opinion of the citizens of New York.

THE GERMAN
ELECTIONS

The second ballotings in the German elections have only emphasized the success of the Social Democrats already obtained at the first ballotings. The Social-Democratic party now commands a hundred and ten seats in the new Reichstag, the lower house of the German Parliament. The next party in number of seats is the Center, made up of Roman Catholics; the third, the Conservative; the fourth, the Liberal; and the fifth, the Radical, a party which during the first ballotings practically disappeared. The most fiercely contested seat seems to have been that representing the Berlin district, which alone of the electoral districts of the capital remained uncaptured by the Social Democrats. It might be called a last stronghold of the old régime, for in it the Emperor's palace is situated. It was lost by the Social Democrats only by the narrow majority of seven votes for the successful candidate. The fact that the Kaiser's metropolitan residence is within the division gave, of course, much sentimental importance to the result. The next most prominent seat represented another residence of William II—that at Potsdam—and here the Conservatives had to give way to the Social-Democratic candidate, Dr. Karl Liebknecht, son of the famous Socialist leader. Dr. Liebknecht's principal constituent will be the Kaiser himself! The total Social-Democratic victory presents an impressive showing of dissatisfaction with the present-day home and foreign policy of the Emperor and his Government. Reference has been often made to the disapproval by the Social Democrats of a jingo foreign policy, but not enough emphasis has been laid on the home policy which, according to Socialist economists, still permits the incidence of taxation to fall with a hundredfold more severity on the poor than on the rich, despite the fact that bread in Germany has gone up thirty per cent in price within the last ten years, that the herring the Germans eat and the salt in which they dip their potatoes are heavily taxed, that the prices of the necessities of life are higher than ever before, and that increasing masses of the people are being deprived of good food. Nor do Socialist orators fail to remind their audiences how the home policy must affect the foreign policy because these taxes have been levied to provide new armaments for the nation, much to the profit of the "steel-plate barons," yet, when an attempt was recently made to extract

several millions a year from the wealthy landowners of the country as their quota to the Empire's armament, the barons and counts and princes raised their united voices in protest and even pulled down from his seat the Chancellor (Bülow) who had dared to propose such a thing!

MARQUIS
YUAN SHI-KAI

Yuan Shi-kai, the Chinese Premier, has been made a Marquis. But the title is a comparatively empty one. His power is already beyond that of any noble. He has become practically dictator. The recent attempt to assassinate him may have been the work of revolutionary or of Manchu agents, for the Prime Minister's attempt to stick to "the middle of the road" has earned him the enmity of both parties. His power has lately been manifested in a number of directions. For instance, he has succeeded in having appointed a Chinese, General Baron Feng, to the command of the Imperial Guard, a distinctly Manchu organization, and one which has always been commanded by a prince of the Imperial blood. The moral effect of this appointment on the malcontents has been good. Outside of the capital Yuan's influence is also strong. It is interesting to note Yuan's statement last week to the Associated Press, namely, that he is inspired primarily by the desire to serve the best interests of the Chinese people, and not the interests of either the Republicans or the Monarchists, and, moreover, that he is seeking no selfish ends and hopes to continue in office as Premier long enough to cause a proper election of members of the National Assembly or otherwise ascertain the correct view of the majority of the people. As, however, a general election seems difficult to accomplish, in view of the attitude of the Republican leaders, he desires to bring about peace and some form of substantial government as quickly as possible, and to this end would be willing to resign and deliver the control of the Government to any capable man who could and would find a solution to the best interests of China. We are not surprised to learn that a number of the legations have urged him to continue in office.

MISSIONARIES
IN CHINA

The condition of foreigners in China is giving increasing concern to the representatives of the Powers at Peking. Protests as to the lack of protection have been made to the Imperial

Government, but the Government is helpless to afford relief. Accordingly, acting in harmony with others, Judge Calhoun, American Minister at Peking, has called in all Americans living in outlying parts of the city to take refuge in the American compound—the reservation in which our Legation building is situated; warning has also been sent to the missionaries in the provinces. Many missionaries in and near Peking and in the northern provinces resent the attitude of certain missionaries in Shanghai and the south, who are publicly supporting the revolution. Prominent American missionaries have expressed to the Washington Administration the view that a republic is inevitable, while the adherents of another and more radical group, almost entirely Americans, have even telegraphed to the Empress Dowager and the leading Manchu princes, asking the dynasty to abdicate. Under these circumstances the following letter addressed to the Legation from a mission in one of the northern provinces is certainly pertinent:

We strongly disapprove of missionaries becoming political advisers and placing themselves on the side of the revolutionaries. It is a menace to us who remain in the northern interior. The act of the missionaries in Shanghai in signing such telegrams and widely publishing them brands the missionary body as revolutionary, and might mean our being wiped out at any time.

The difficulty is increased by the fact that the Monarchists have long suspected that the missions, especially the American missions, are inculcating revolutionary ideas. To minimize any possible peril Judge Calhoun has endeavored repeatedly to persuade the missionaries to leave the interior, but many of them, particularly the medical missionaries, feel that their duty requires them to remain.

ITALIAN AGGRESSIONS

The war between Italy and Turkey is taking on a new phase. First, its range is being extended, the Italian Government having informed the Powers that it will blockade the Turkish coast of the Red Sea; neutral vessels will be allowed five days in which to clear from the blockaded ports. Second, Italy has begun an aggressive search for any suspected vessels, and has already captured several. The first was a French steamer, the Carthage, bound for Tunis. It was held up and taken to Cagliari, in Sardinia, by Italian destroyers because an aeroplane was on

board. Of course there was no reason why aeroplanes should not be sent from Marseilles to Tunis, but the Italians were sure that this was an article of war really destined for the interior of Tripoli by the way of Tunis, and for the use of the Turks and Arabs. The second vessel arrested was the Manouba, a French steamer which carried twenty-nine Turks, ostensibly members of the Red Crescent Society, the Turkish counterpart of our Red Cross. In virtue of such membership these persons would be immune from arrest, but the Italians claimed that they were really Turkish officers in disguise. They were therefore taken to Cagliari and imprisoned there. The Italian officials call attention to the fact that another Red Crescent expedition was recently halted in Egypt by Lord Kitchener, as it was found to be composed of belligerents. A third arrest was that of the British ship Africa in the Red Sea, from which an Italian Government gunboat took several Turkish officers. In doing this, Italy acted under the Declaration of London, which declares that any individual of the armed forces of the enemy who is found on board a neutral merchant vessel may be made a prisoner of war, even though there be no ground for the capture of the vessel. The difficulty in this case arises from the fact that Italy had ratified the Declaration of London, while England had not. Though the House of Commons accepted the Declaration, the House of Lords rejected it, hence England is really free from its terms. The reassuring fact in all these cases is that Italy stands ready to submit them to the Hague International Tribunal, and will pay indemnity if error has been committed.



RELIGION IN SPAIN

The recent Cabinet crisis in Spain has resulted in the return to power for the time being of no reactionary leader, but of the same Radical statesman who has cleverly guided affairs during recent years, Señor José Canalejas. The event but sharpens the religious controversy now in progress. Roman Catholicism is the State religion. In upholding it in all its control of the State stand the Pope and his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, a Spaniard, and one who has exhibited certain features that marked the Spanish statesmanship of other days. On the other hand stands Señor Canalejas, who stands for more liberal methods, such as have been secured by

France. Most of the Spanish Government's dealings with the Vatican are regulated by a Concordat. This Concordat provides for distributing the appointments of ecclesiastical dignitaries between the Government and the Vatican. There is also a sharp dispute over the action of the Government with regard to monastic orders. The Government contends that its action accords with the Concordat. As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister would like to bring about the abrogation of the present Concordat. He would not only limit the number of monks and nuns in Spain, he would also prevent minors from entering monastic houses and would throw open those houses to State inspection. But Rome resists these reforms



AN ENGLISH FORECAST Mr. Arnold Bennett takes a view of the future of American literature which, coming from a foreign observer, is unusually cheerful. He frankly says that the recognition of American work in literature has seriously diminished the royalties of English authors, but he intimates that English readers and critics have not yet become entirely intelligent enough to recognize the rich possibilities of fiction in the future—fiction of the kind which James Lane Allen, Frank Norris, Mrs. Wharton, Hamlin Garland, and others have been writing. These are the American names, he says, "that interest those people in England who can distinguish between a book and a beefsteak." He reports that the two American books which have recently created the most genuine sensation are Frank Norris's "The Octopus" (which Americans read years ago) and Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." Mr. Bennett is of the opinion that the interest of American life for the novelist lies in its variety and its strenuousness; and he goes so far as to say that in material as well as in creative energy the American author has the start of the rest of the world. A considerable part of Balzac's pre-eminence, Mr. Bennett declares, was due to the wealth of material at his hand; and, in his judgment, Balzac would have been overwhelmed by the wealth of material in this country. He would have said, "This country is simply steeped in romance; it lies about in heaps. Give me a pen, quick, for Heaven's sake!" And we should have had a second "Comédie Humaine." It is interesting to find a foreign writer who has enough imagination

to penetrate the enormous energy and material activity in this country and to discern what lies behind.



THE BEST SELLERS

The "Bookman" announces that some day it is going to print "what we hope will be a sweeping vindication of that exceedingly useful, significant, and much-maligned department that appears in the last pages of every issue of the 'Bookman.'" As a matter of fact, the statistics which the "Bookman" has published for the last five or six years of book-selling have been extremely interesting. And nobody except the pedant or the man of acutely academic mind ever sneers at books simply because they are popular. That attitude is a professional pose of some critics. The Outlook very much hopes that the "Bookman" will carry out its intention of dipping into the subject of the "best sellers" of the past. If it does this, it will show how groundless is the conventional attitude toward the "best seller," and how ignorantly pretentious the position of those who think a book must be inferior if many people read it. The popular taste is not a trustworthy guide, and in many instances is not a pre-lusive fanfare from the trumpets of fame. But, on the other hand, "the outcries of the herd," to recall a characteristic phrase of some superfine critic, have a certain significance, and are to be reckoned with in dealing with the books of the day. A great many transient books have a very wide sale; but, on the other hand, so did the stories of Dickens and Thackeray; so did "Les Misérables" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



THE RECORD OF 1911

The list of "best sellers" for 1911 presents twenty-seven novels, as against thirty-two for the previous year, and includes "Molly Make-Believe," "The Broad Highway," "The Prodigal Judge," "The Rosary," "Queed," "The Long Roll," "The Common Law," "The Iron Woman," "The Miller of Old Church," "The Siege of the Seven Suitsors," "Flamsted Quarries," and "The Glory of Clementina." The good and the bad are curiously mixed in this list; but the fact that "The Broad Highway" stands second in popularity, that "Queed" ranks with "The Rosary," and that "The Miller of Old Church" and "The Iron Woman" find a place in the list shows that literary excellence and seriousness of purpose do not exclude

stories from popular favor. The "Bookman" calls attention to the fact that half a dozen of the best sellers during the past year came from women—among them Mrs. Barclay's "The Rosary," a story which is overloaded with sentiment, but the popularity of which is easily understood; "Molly Make-Believe," by Mrs. Coburn (Eleanor Hallowell Abbott), a bright tale with a touch of sentiment—and cleverness and sentiment are always popular; Miss Waller's "Flamsted Quarries," concerning which many favorable things may be said; Mrs. Boshier's "Mary Cary," an unpretentious little tale, full of human interest, and a very wholesome book for general reading. Mr. Kester's "The Prodigal Judge" made a strong impression on many readers, and, if the second part had fulfilled the promise of the first, would have been a notable story; Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway" has such breezy, out-of-door freshness and vitality that it may be set in broad contrast to "The Rosary," and welcomed for its tonic quality at a time when a great many morbid books and stories of suffocating atmosphere are in the hands of undeveloped readers. No story of the year by a new writer has secured a wider reading than "Queed;" while Miss Johnston's "The Long Roll" and Miss Glasgow's "The Miller of Old Church" are fiction of a kind which the lover of literature welcomes as representing sincere and honest observation and workmanship. The Outlook has already more than once expressed its judgment that Mrs. Deland's "The Iron Woman" is one of the strongest and most admirable of recent novels on either side the ocean. It is gratifying to know that it had a strong lead almost as soon as it appeared in September.



TRAVELING PICTURES

When the distinguished French critic and editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Brunetière, was in this country, he said that one of the chief obstacles in the way of the development of its higher civilization was the long distance which separated the principal cities of our country. To a Frenchman, accustomed to the concentration of French art and life in the metropolis, this obstacle seems insuperable; and it is in a certain way a very serious obstacle, and especially when it comes to exhibitions of American art. It is very difficult for a student of American art to see the picture of the season in San Francisco

and the picture of the season in Boston. This difficulty may be in part removed by the suggestion of Mr. John W. Alexander, President of the Academy of Design in New York. He believes that New York is to become a great art center, but he also believes that there will be a circuit of exhibitions. There is already such a circuit, including Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Chicago, so that the same picture may be seen in all these places. There ought also, Mr. Alexander says, to be a great number of smaller exhibition circuits, embracing the cities of the whole country, and so making it possible to present to all the people the best examples of American art. From the time of the Renaissance pictures have traveled far and wide; and many of the most beautiful pictures in the world are permanently owned far from the places where they were painted. The difficulty of the journey from New York to San Francisco is a small matter compared with the journey which lay before the picture that left Florence for Paris three hundred years ago; and there is no reason why, by co-operation, the best pictures should not travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their appeal be felt, not merely by a group of art lovers in two or three leading cities, but by the people of the country.



CARDINAL FARLEY

The splendor and magnificence of the reception accorded to Cardinal Farley in New York last week were the expression of the affection and pride with which he is regarded by the Roman Catholics of New York. In this feeling three elements are joined—recognition of the ecclesiastical honor conferred upon the city of New York, enthusiasm at the evidence of harmony and growth in the Church itself, and, finally, personal affection for a man of gentle character and fine, unselfish spirit. New York has rarely seen a more beautiful sight than the illumination of the great St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue. On Thursday, at the ecclesiastical reception in the morning, there were present, in addition to Cardinal Farley and Cardinal Gibbons, an archbishop, twenty bishops, and hundreds of priests, while the edifice was packed and the neighboring streets were filled with interested and eager people. The vestments of the priesthood were rich and varied, for they included the black robe and white cross with red

stripes of the Ruthenian Greek Bishop of the United States, the purple robes of the Monsignori, the gray, white, and black robes of different orders of friars, the ceremonial vestments of the two Cardinals with their princely red, the purple robes of the bishops, and a few other forms of attire. The laity as well as the priesthood were represented by distinguished men; the music was notable; and the decoration really remarkable. Formal addresses of welcome followed the mass; and Cardinal Farley, both on this occasion and at the previous reception at the Hippodrome, spoke with modesty and earnestness of the great honor, and, as he declared, the still greater responsibility, that had been placed upon him. The occasion was one that will be long remembered by the Catholics of New York City. Whatever differences of interpretation as to disputable questions may exist among them, all joined heartily and with no shade of reserve in this welcome to a prelate beloved for his own qualities, who has now received the highest honor, next to the Papal throne, which any priest the world over may reach.



**PRESIDENT TAFT'S
APPEAL FOR THE
CHINESE SUFFERERS**

The Outlook has already called attention to the present famine in China: millions of human beings have been brought to starvation by the unprecedented conditions of river floods and crop failure. Over an area of many thousand square miles in Central China a similar visitation appeared, as our readers will remember, some years ago. America and Europe came to the assistance of the Chinese Government, and great sums were distributed to relieve the distress, large quantities of foodstuffs being also placed within reach of the sufferers. The present visitation is even more serious than the preceding. Dr. Arthur Smith, the well-known authority on China, says, "No such general floods have ever simultaneously occurred in our day in all parts of China." Fortunately, now, as formerly, an organization is at hand to meet the situation—the Red Cross. It will profit by its previous experience in the same region, and its President, who is also President of the United States, has now come forward with a public appeal for contributions which may be sent to the office of the Red Cross in the War Department at Washington. One circumstance will strike every observer as

constituting a special appeal at this time—the inability either of the Imperial Government at Peking or of the revolutionary Republican Government at Nanking to give even the inadequate relief afforded before. Hence it is chiefly to America and Europe that the starving Chinese must look for help. Mr. Taft's appeal will, we are sure, meet with generous response, for although he speaks as President of the American National Red Cross, his appeal must have the weight of his other and greater authority.



**A NORMAL SCHOOL FOR
NORMAL TEACHERS**

We believe that the first large gift to aid the South in its work of reconstruction at the close of the Civil War was the three million dollars given by George Peabody. The example thus set by him was inspirational. Never in the history of the world has a civil war been followed by such large gifts, from the conquerors to the conquered, to repair the ravages of war. Never before in the history of the world have the conquered set themselves to work with such singleness of purpose to put the past behind them and press forward in co-operation with their aforesaid enemies toward a new and better future. If this is one of the fruits of democracy, it goes far to counterbalance its many defects; if it is one of the fruits of Christianity, it affords a better evidence of the value and power of Christianity than miracles performed nineteen centuries ago. A million dollars from George Peabody founded the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tennessee, which has been sustained since 1875, partly by the Peabody endowment, partly by the State of Tennessee, and partly by the county and city. In closing the Peabody Fund, as its trustees are now doing, a further endowment of \$500,000 is made, contingent on the college raising within two years the sum of \$1,000,000 in addition. The trustees of Peabody College have made an exchange with Vanderbilt University by which its old school property passes into the hands of Vanderbilt University for its use in the Medical Department, and it acquires in return very advantageous property in the neighborhood of Vanderbilt University, with which it will be affiliated in its work, greatly to its advantage. The purpose of the reorganization of the Peabody Normal School is to furnish education for teachers in the normal schools of the South. Thus it will be a

normal school for normal teachers. No need of the South, nor indeed of the Nation, is greater than the need for well-trained teachers in its public school system, which, both North and South, is growing so rapidly that the supply of adequately equipped teachers does not keep pace with it. It is hoped to reopen the George Peabody College in its new quarters in the fall of 1913, by which time it is anticipated that the new buildings may be erected, the curriculum reorganized, and the faculty adequately enlarged.

MR. LA FOLLETTE

AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY

Last week Mr. La Follette made his first appearance in New York City. Curiosity was alert to see and hear him. Carnegie Hall was filled to its utmost capacity—floor, boxes, gallery, stage—"standing room only." And the papers reported that an audience quite as large waited in the cold outside to hear two speeches from him—two because the audience was too large to be addressed in one speech. There was no band outside, no music inside. There was no political party whose adherents turned out to make a demonstration. The Insurgents Club, under whose auspices the meeting was held, is relatively unknown. There had been no sensational advertising; little advertising of any kind. There was no political campaign to excite partisan ardor. It was a purely star performance—Mr. La Follette the star.

From the gallery Mr. La Follette appears a little below the average height, stocky but with no superfluous adipose tissue, with a shock of hair rebellious to the comb, a man muscular and nervous from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, with a voice powerful rather than sweet, and not possessing the possibility of remarkable elocutionary effects—in brief, pre-eminently a forceful man: forceful in his physical appearance, forceful in his far-reaching voice, forceful in his dramatic gestures, forceful in the form and structure of his sentences, forceful in the resoluteness of his convictions and in the propulsive power of the will which shot those convictions out at his audience. He is in oratory what Rudyard Kipling is in literature. He might be called, as Stephen A. Douglas was called, "the little giant."

The teacher talks *to* his audience; the orator talks *with* his audience. Mr. La

Follette is an orator; he talks with his audience. When he read a carefully prepared paper on Mr. Pinchot, he was rather dull. When he laid aside his paper and tackled his audience, he was all alive, and from the gallery it was interesting to note how instantly the audience responded to the change and was alive too. We use the word "tackle" advisedly. He was a wrestler—though on that occasion it was a quite friendly bout. In his introduction was a challenge: "I have been admonished," he said—we quote from memory—"that there are some stand-patters here who at a given signal intend to get up and go out; and even some grafters who intend to follow them. And thus the papers will report that I could not hold my audience. [Ironical laughter.] Now I have got you. [Applause.] Now if any one wants to go out, stand up and snap your fingers and I will tell you whether you can go." There were teachers enough in the audience, and former pupils with memories lively enough, to appreciate this suggestion of the school-room, and a round of applause greeted the challenge.

This incident, which loses its significance in cold type, is illustrative of the man. He is a skillful, not to say an adroit, speaker. He understands an American audience and plays it as a skilled conductor plays an orchestra. Applause wakes him up; interruptions are a help. There were interruptions, but no opposition, that night; but we are of the opinion that he would have enjoyed a little vigorous opposition, and a few hisses would have added fire to the ardor of his enthusiasm. Wendell Phillips was never at his best until he had been hissed. He courted hisses as other orators court applause. This is not true of Mr. La Follette. On the other hand, we are by no means sure that he has the patience which would enable him to endure the vociferations of a hostile audience for an hour, as did Henry Ward Beecher at Manchester, and then talk to it for another hour despite constant interruptions. Mr. La Follette impressed his hearers as a man of great persistence, but not of exhaustless patience. But we do not believe that the mob ever existed which would daunt him.

We do not recall ever hearing a political orator more dramatic than he. There were times in his address when his method recalled John B. Gough. He was advocating the application of the recall to the judiciary

and quoting Mr. Heney. "We do not want," he said, and then he leaned his head down on one side to the floor, as if listening to a voice that might be coming up from the platform, and the audience held its breath and listened too—"we do not want judges with their ear to the ground, but neither do we want," and he walked across the stage to the desk and leaned a little lower down, as if to listen, "but neither do we want judges with their ear to the railroads." And the applause was deafening. It may well be that to a speaker of the type and temperament of Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root, Mr. La Follette may seem like a harlequin. But he is not a harlequin. It is his nature to use, not merely words, but every nerve and muscle of his body, to express himself. John B. Gough always went home after a speech and was rubbed down like a horse after a race. We should imagine that Mr. La Follette would require similar treatment.

Mr. La Follette is not always logical, and therefore, though perhaps unconsciously, is sometimes unfair. For example, when, in declaring his faith in woman suffrage, he described the ballot as an expression of opinion, he indicated that he had not thought the subject through. The ballot is not an expression of opinion. It does not merely say what the voter thinks should be done; it declares what must be done, at whatever cost; as the ballots which elected Abraham Lincoln did not merely express the opinion that slavery ought not to be extended into the Territories, they expressed the resolve that it should not be extended into the Territories, though it cost four years of terrible war to enforce that resolve against those whose opinion it was that under the Constitution the slaveholder had a right to carry his slave into every United States Territory. So, when the orator said that the United States Supreme Court had put into the Anti-Trust Law the word "unreasonable," which Congress had refused to put there, he misrepresented the United States Supreme Court. But, remembering how widespread has been that misrepresentation, we acquit him of the intention to misrepresent.

We should, however, give our readers a false impression if we left them to believe that we regard adroitness and dramatic action as Mr. La Follette's most distinguishing characteristics. We do not. His most distinguishing characteristic is his virility. And this is not merely a physical virility; it is in-

tellectual and moral. He doubtless enjoyed exercising his skill as an orator—why not?—and may have enjoyed exhibiting it to the audience. But he impressed one hearer at least, and we think he impressed his audience generally, as a man of strong and even strenuous convictions, who used his oratorical arts for a serious purpose. They were instruments in the hands of a man with a message.

Something of an egoist Mr. La Follette doubtless is; ambitious he frankly confessed himself to be; but he left his auditors believing that he was more ambitious for the victory of his principles than for personal victory; believing, too, that he was honest, despite the fact that he was not unwilling to make a somewhat dramatic profession of his honesty. He had declared himself in favor of the recall; had apparently finished his argument in that branch of the subject, and paused. A voice in the gallery called out: "How about judges?" "I expected that question," shouted back the orator. "I was waiting for it. But you would not have asked it if you had known me. I have no concealments and nothing up my sleeve." One cannot quite avoid the instinctive feeling that the unconscious honesty of an Abraham Lincoln, which never protests itself, is a higher type than that which cries, "Behold."

Fifty years ago Abraham Lincoln made a political speech before a Cooper Union audience that packed that hall as last week Carnegie Hall was packed to hear Mr. La Follette. The comparison and the contrasts were interesting to one who was an auditor on both occasions. Both were Western men. Both had made their reputations in the West. Both came before Eastern audiences which were curious, sympathetic, but a trifle suspicious—for the audience at Cooper Union was largely composed of anti-slavery men, as the audience at Carnegie Hall was largely composed of those in sympathy with the Progressive movement. In each case the audience desired the end which the speaker desired; in each case the audience was more or less doubtful whether the speaker was the man to accomplish their desire. In both cases the speakers proved themselves strong men and orators of no mean quality, and in both cases they left a general impression of marked ability and fearless honesty.

But the contrasts were not less interesting. Mr. Lincoln, as a picture dimmed by the lapse of fifty years presents him to the

writer's imagination, might have stood on the head of a hog'shead, perhaps on the head of a barrel, and he spoke with great deliberation and few, though forceful, gestures. He gestured with his voice, and depended on the simplicity and directness of his measured and carefully thought out address to impress on others his own convictions. His speech defined the issue on which the battle of the Republican party was fought in the months following, and the battle of the Republic in the four years of civil war. And it remains in American literature one of the great classics of American oratory.

Mr. La Follette was all over the wide platform from one side to the other, spoke with the dramatic action of a natural but untrained actor, and at times with a rapidity which might well have been the despair of even the experienced stenographer; and while he portrayed effectively the evil of corrupt and corrupting special interests against which he wished to marshal the people, and while he defined with clearness and argued with power for certain special remedies, neither in the perfection of its form nor in its grasp and presentation of a great principle did his speech possess the quality which would put it in history by the side of Abraham Lincoln's Cooper Union address.

Mr. La Follette's speech was that of a forceful orator; Mr. Lincoln's speech was that of a great statesman.

THE PRESERVATION OF NIAGARA FALLS

Five and a half years ago Congress decreed that the imposing spectacle of Niagara Falls is a National possession which must be preserved, and that the preservation of it is a function of the Federal Government. Four years later the Governments of Great Britain and the United States agreed that the preservation of Niagara is not only a National duty but an international one. By treaty each Government agreed not to permit the diversion from the river above the falls of water in excess of certain definite amounts. With the promulgation of the treaty, therefore, the waters of Niagara Falls, in so far as the United States was concerned, came under double protection—the international protection of the treaty and the National protection of the Burton Act.

In limiting the diversion of water the Bur-

ton Act was more stringent than the treaty—the Act permitting the diversion of only 15,600 cubic feet per second, while under the treaty the United States could, if it wished, permit the diversion of 20,000 cubic feet per second. In addition, the Burton Act restricted to certain definite amounts the importation from Canada of electric power generated by the waters of Niagara. This was an important provision, for the reason that there was not, at the time of the Act, nor is there yet, a market in Canada for more than a small fraction of the power which could be generated by the amount of water permitted to be diverted under the treaty. The provisions of the Burton Act have twice been extended since the treaty was promulgated; but the Act again expires in March next. A joint resolution is now before Congress providing for the further extension of its provisions during the life of the treaty.

This joint resolution should be promptly adopted, for four reasons:

First: The American people have determined that the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls shall be preserved as a precious National possession.

Second: The duty of preserving Niagara is a National duty.

Third: The scenic beauty of the Falls has already suffered from the diversion of water for power purposes, and further injury is certain from any increased diversion.

Fourth: There is danger of injury to the commercial interests upon the Great Lakes through the lowering of the level of Lake Erie.

Against the re-enactment of the Burton Act in its present form several arguments are urged.

First, that certain of the power companies ought, as a matter of justice, to be permitted further diversion, for the reason that the present amount of water allowed them does not enable them to produce as much power as their plants, constructed or planned when no restrictions were in effect, were intended for.

Second, that the regulation of the use of the waters of Niagara should be committed not to the Federal Government but to New York State.

Third, that the existing diversions have not harmed the Falls, and that no increased diversion possible within the treaty limits would harm them.

Fourth, that no limitations should be put upon the importation of power from Canada, because the power will be generated there anyway and American interests might as well have the benefit of the power so generated.

The reply to these arguments is plain. First, the contention of the power companies that they suffer because they have not received all that they were intended to have might conceivably afford the basis for a claim for damages; it affords no basis, however, for a demand which would work further injury to the Falls as an object of natural beauty.

Second, the principle has already been established, both by statute and by treaty, that the regulation of the use of the waters of Niagara is not a State function, but a National and international function. To reverse that position now would be to take a long step backward. Incidentally, it must be remembered that up to the time when the Falls came definitely under the National control no move was made by New York State to preserve their integrity.

Third, in a report by the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, based on a long and thorough investigation by army engineers, which was recently transmitted to Congress by the President in a Message, the following conclusion is reached: "The existing diversions have already seriously interfered with and injured the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls at the Horseshoe, which injury and interference will be emphasized by the effects of lower stages sure to recur on Lake Erie and the upper lakes due to natural causes." Upon this point, this conclusion of unprejudiced expert observers should be final.

Fourth, the investigation of the army engineers has shown that less than one-eighth of the power which could be generated in Canada by the amount of water permitted under the treaty is now in use. It has not yet been proved that the Canadian market for power will be large enough in the near future to use any considerable proportion of the water permitted by the treaty to be diverted on the Canadian side. Unless the power can be imported into the United States, therefore, the use of water on the Canadian side is not likely to increase rapidly.

The re-enactment of the provisions of the Burton Act is a National duty, because the people of the United States have determined

that the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls shall be preserved; because that scenic grandeur is already impaired and is in danger of further impairment; because the Burton Act has provided a method by which the integrity of the Falls has been effectively protected; and because no other method which is proposed will accomplish the same result.



REDUCING FRICTION IN BUSINESS

The world is dissatisfied with wasteful methods of settling disputes. There is much dissatisfaction, and just dissatisfaction, with the administration of justice in the courts. When all has been said and done, the litigant never gets complete justice. He must pay his lawyer's bill; he must attend in court with his witnesses; and the decision in the litigation, even when he is successful, rarely succeeds in setting him right or in making him whole. This is especially true of the class of litigation known as "commercial lawsuits." Much of this litigation turns upon honest differences of opinion, or honest differences of recollection, or misunderstandings as to facts.

In the whole world of business the tendency is towards economy. How can I save in the cost of production? How can I save in the cost of distribution? How can I systematize methods? These are the things the business man asks himself when he is either manufacturing, jobbing, or selling. In short, the effort is towards economy of energy, and thus a reduction in cost. In doing this the business man is rendering a service to the whole country as well as to his own business.

For a long time the business men of the country have failed to turn their attention to the administration of their own business in the law courts. They have failed to apply the same methods and principles of economy in the handling of their litigation that they apply in the handling of their own businesses. They have, however, at last awakened to a realization that the disposition of mercantile disputes is just as much a part of the business of the large-minded business man as is the matter of advertising, production, or distribution.

In the city of New York for more than a century has existed a body of men most truly representative of the finest commercial spirit

and high business integrity of the community. This body is the Chamber of Commerce. About a year ago it turned its attention to the problem of applying more enlightened methods to the disposition of commercial disputes through judicial methods.

After reviewing the history of its own efforts from 1768 down to the present time, it came to the conclusion that there must be in the settlement of commercial disputes—as there must be in the settlement of all disputes—the impartial outside third party with authority to make a final decision. They found in the statutes of the State the provision by which the action of such third parties could be made a part of the judicial procedure of the State.

Three fundamental conceptions furnished the foundation for the system they constructed: First, inexpensiveness; second, promptness; third, justice. The order in which these are stated is not the order of their importance, but the order in which they receive consideration by the business man.

Recognizing that there must always be a large number of commercial disputes that cannot possibly be disposed of except in the courts of law, these business men undertook to provide a method that would relieve the courts of law of such litigation as should never go into the courts at all—litigation in which the amounts involved do not justify protracted delay or expensive procedure; such litigation as can best be determined by men familiar with the problems involved; such litigation as involves the determination of issues of fact wherein both the parties are desirous of ascertaining the truth. These business men, with the sense and intuition of wise statesmen, did not seek to overthrow the present judicial system, nor to make unjust criticism of its administration, but to aid and assist it by providing an easy channel for the disposition of such disputes as should not take up the time of the courts.

Is the question a question of the construction of a contract; is the question one of the customs of the trade; are the goods of the quality called for by the contract; what is the damage sustained by the failure to make the delivery on time? Such questions as these the law submits to jurors who, chosen by the accident of the occasion, rarely are equipped with the special knowledge and training necessary to dispose of the issue.

The very simple method of submitting such questions to arbitration is described

in a pamphlet issued by the Chamber of Commerce. Briefly stated, this plan provides a "List of Official Arbitrators," selected by the Chamber from men representative in their particular lines, ready and willing to act as arbitrators in such disputes as may be referred to them. Any business man, whether a resident of the country or not, having a dispute with another, may submit this dispute to such an arbitrator, and the parties to the dispute can themselves choose the arbitrator. If they cannot agree upon one, they may select two, who will choose the third. They must sign a written agreement finally to abide by the decision of these arbitrators; and when the decision is made under the provisions of the statutes of the State of New York, it may be made the basis of a judgment of the Supreme Court of the State. The parties appear before the arbitrator (or arbitrators) and submit the facts without waste of time and without lengthy hearings, and the arbitrators, being trained in the subject-matter of the dispute, reach the point at issue promptly.

The plan recognizes the necessity for impartial investigation that shall be the basis of a judgment. It recognizes the necessity for the existence of the judicial tribunal. The wise men in charge of the movement, however, believe that the method now provided through the courts of law is in many instances wasteful, extravagant, and tedious. The Chairman of the Committee on Arbitration, in speaking of the plan, said: "We are simply a group of business men trying to apply our business skill and business experience to develop economy in the administration of justice. We have all of us had painful experiences in the handling of our disputes in the courts, and, while we recognize the efficiency of the modern method of disposition in litigation, we feel that with a little effort we can save much. We believe that in attempting a solution of this problem we shall be reducing the friction between business men and make for a better and more wholesome business spirit, and we also believe that we are rendering a service to the State. We are eliminating waste in the administration of justice, as we have learned to eliminate waste in the administration of our businesses."

Here is a model for other cities, and an example in the field of business differences of what will more and more be done with industrial disputes, and in the end also in international disagreements.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS

Dr. Martineau, who could not be suspected of an undue interest in the Saints, once said that in ceasing to read the lives of the Saints the modern world had sustained a real loss. For the Saints, stripped of the supernatural accessories and miraculous happenings which were associated in the early middle centuries with conspicuous devotion, are not only very human but very inspiring figures. The note of the saintly life is unworldliness; devotion to the interests of the spirit, sometimes narrowly conceived, but always honestly emphasized; and there are few things the modern world needs so much as an intimate acquaintance with men and women who have lived, not for the things that perish, but for the things which are immortal.

Dean Hodges, who combines genuine religious feeling and insight with sturdy common sense and humor, has led the way in the manner of retelling the lives of good men and women in "Saints and Heroes to the End of the Middle Ages."¹ The Saints were, almost without exception, heroes. They do not loudly profess heroism, but they practiced it; they do not say much about renunciation, but many of them renounced everything that, in the view of their contemporaries, made life valuable and interesting. Cyprian, the famous Bishop of Carthage, wrote a delightful letter to a friend, in which he described his conversion to Christianity: "This is a cheerful world indeed as I see it from my fair garden, under the shadow of my vines. But if I could ascend some high mountain, and look out over the wide lands, you know very well what I should see: brigands on the highways, pirates on the seas, armies fighting, cities burning, in the amphitheaters men murdered to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty and misery and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a company of quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are the Christians—and I am one of them."

When the persecution under the Emperor

Valerian began, Cyprian was arrested. "Your name is Cyprian?" asked the proconsul.

"It is."

"You are the pope of a sacrilegious sect?"

"I am."

"The Emperors require you to offer sacrifice."

"I refuse to do so."

The issue was squarely met on both sides. Cyprian was promptly sentenced to death. His reply was, "Thanks be to God!" Before he died he directed that twenty-five pieces of gold should be given to the executioner.

Athanasius was one of the most notable of the early Fathers and Saints, and he was one of the most loyal to his convictions and one of the most courageous. "Athanasius against the world" does not describe the height and breadth of his heroism; for it was "Athanasius against the Church," and that was a much more serious matter.

When a mob in Thessalonica sacked the Governor's house and killed him, the Emperor Theodosius, a man of frightful temper, ordered the Roman troops to avenge the death on the whole people of Thessalonica. When the avengers arrived, they found the circus crowded to the topmost seats; they closed the gates, drew their swords, and for three hours killed everybody they could reach, so that seven thousand men, women, and children lay dead before their fury was appeased. Ambrose, who had been elected Bishop of Milan by acclamation, and who was a great Roman noble, at once wrote a letter to the Emperor. "You are a Christian," he said, "and have done this horror. Into this has your hasty anger led you. As for me, I pray for you, but you and I cannot stand together in the same church. Do not venture to appear where I am present. You have done the most horrible thing that was ever heard of."

When the Emperor came to church, the Bishop met him in the outer porch. "You may not enter," he said. "This is no place for such as you, unless they come in the deepest shame and sorrow. Go back to your palace. Your hands drip with blood. Repent! repent! and then come; but not now." In the history of Christianity there is no more inspiring scene. If the Church had always dared as Ambrose dared, the whole world would have been with it. If its arm had always been held out between the oppressed and the oppressor; if it had always stood, as

¹ Saints and Heroes to the End of the Middle Ages. By the Rev. George Hodges. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

it sometimes did, undaunted in the face of despotic kings and unscrupulous rulers; if it had shown itself the friend of the poor, it would now be intrenched in the hearts of the people against all the assaults of its enemies. It was impossible to meet such a challenge. Theodosius did repent. He bowed himself in the church in the presence of all the people, and declared that no capital sentence should be executed until thirty days after condemnation!

It does not diminish the authority of the Saints, and it certainly deepens the interest in them, to know that they were by no means perfect. Dean Hodges says very frankly of Jerome that he was "a very abusive and bad-tempered saint." That was the fashion of the time, only Jerome was a little more gifted in the command of a vituperative vocabulary. He was a born fighter, who had ruined his digestion by his unwise life in the desert. No man makes himself more acceptable to heaven by ruining his digestion. Jerome meant well. He was devout and devoted, but in destroying his digestion he also destroyed his temper.

Modern Christians are not afraid of humanizing the Saints, nor are they afraid of adding to their number. Dean Hodges very wisely includes in this volume Wyclif, Hus, and Savonarola, none of whom has received regular canonization, but all of whom are dear to those who believe that religion is greater than theology, and that all courageous, pious, and loving souls who have either led or been faithful in the fight for the salvation of the world are to be included among the Saints.



AN UNCONSCIOUS COMBINATION

In December last Mr. Victor Morawetz, the well-known corporation lawyer, who was one of the counsel employed in organizing the United States Steel Corporation, delivered an address before the New York City Young Men's Christian Association, in which he said:

A National Commission similar to the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be created with jurisdiction over all inter-State and international trade and commerce, except transportation over which the Inter-State Commerce Commission has jurisdiction.

He would give this Commission power to investigate all inter-State commerce transactions; to require reports from any corporation regularly engaged in inter-State commerce; to determine, after hearing, whether

any complaints are in violation of the Anti-Trust Law; to determine whether any *proposed* combination would be legal, so that a combination so approved would be deemed lawful unless and until the report of the Commission was reversed by the courts.

On the 13th of January, Mr. John Mitchell, formerly President of the United Mine Workers of America, to whose patriotism, poise, and courage the whole country owes a great debt, said, in the columns of *The Outlook*, that "the Sherman Law ought to be amended so as to define clearly what a corporation may do and what it may not do," and, in answer to an inquiry by his interviewers, added:

If it be impracticable to amend the law so as to make it more definite in terms, why should we not substitute for it another statute—replace the present prohibitory law with one that would restrain the great combinations without crushing them? Such restraint might be exercised through some suitable authority—perhaps a commission which should do for the industries generally what the Inter-State Commerce Commission does now for the railroads.

On the 11th of January, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, speaking to a Committee of the House of Representatives, said:

The time has arrived for the Federal Government to come in and fix a maximum price. I favor something in the nature of an industrial commission, such as the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which has brought peace and order out of chaos in the railroad world.

On the same day Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*, called before a Senate Committee to give his views on the trust question, urged the same policy. He said:

The remedy for present evils is to be found in a pathway between two extremes. It lies neither in unrestricted individualism nor in State Socialism. It lies in subjecting the combinations of labor and commerce to Governmental regulation and control. It lies in the frank adoption and consistent application of that principle which is fundamental to all social order, universal as humanity, eternal as the throne of God—liberty under law.

It is significant that almost simultaneously an eminent corporation lawyer, an eminent labor leader, an eminent captain of industry, and the editor of a representative journal, without previous consultation or conference, unconsciously united in affirming the doctrine that the remedy for the abuses suffered through great industrial combinations is not the disorganization of industry, but its regulation under law.

It is not big business, it is lawless business, that is dangerous.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS; AND THE DUTIES OF BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE causes which brought about so much of dreadful failure and wrongdoing to alloy the benefits and advances which followed on the French Revolution were symbolized and foreshadowed in the action of the first revolutionary national legislature. This body passed with wild applause resolutions declaring that the people were to have all imaginable rights, and then voted down a resolution setting forth that the same people had grave and onerous duties. Much, indeed, has America owed to the fact that her two greatest men, Washington and Lincoln, though they did not neglect rights, were even more concerned with duties.

I believe in woman's rights. I believe even more earnestly in the performance of duty by both men and women; for unless the average man and the average woman live lives of duty, not only our democracy but civilization itself will perish. I heartily believe in equality of rights as between man and woman, but also in full and emphatic recognition of the fact that normally there cannot be identity of function. Indeed, there must normally be complete dissimilarity of function between them, and the effort to ignore this patent fact is silly. I believe in woman's suffrage wherever the women want it. Where they do not want it, the suffrage should not be forced upon them. I think that it would be well to let the women themselves, and only the women, vote at some special election as to whether they do or do not wish the vote as a permanent possession. In other words, this is peculiarly a case for the referendum to those most directly affected—that is, the women themselves. I believe such a referendum was held in Massachusetts, in which a majority of the women who voted, voted in favor of the ballot. But they included only about five per cent of the women who were entitled to vote, and where the vote is so light, those not voting should be held to have voted no. This was in 1895. It would be well to try the experiment again in the more doubtful States like Massachusetts or New York. I should be entirely content to abide the decision, either way; for, though I do not think that the damage prophesied from women's voting would come, or has come where it has been tried, I also think that very much less

effect would be produced, one way or the other, than the enthusiasts believe. In other words, I do not regard the movement as anything like as important as either its extreme friends or extreme opponents think. It is so much less important than many other reforms that I have never been able to take a very heated interest in it.

Perhaps one reason why so many men who believe as emphatically as I do in woman's full equality with man take little interest in the suffrage movement is to be found in the very unfortunate actions of certain leaders in that movement, who seem desirous of associating it with disorderly conduct in public and with thoroughly degrading and vicious assaults upon the morality and the duty of women within and without marriage. I cordially agree with Dr. C. W. Saleeby, himself a strong advocate of woman's suffrage, when he says in his book on "Woman and Womanhood:" "Every individual case requires individual consideration, and no less than any individual case ever yet received. But in general those women who counsel the delay of the marriage age are opposing the facts of feminine development and psychology. They are indirectly encouraging male immorality and female prostitution, with the appalling consequences for those directly concerned, for hosts of absolutely innocent women, and for the unborn. Further, those who suppose that the granting of the vote is going to effect radical and fundamental changes in the facts of biology, the development of instinct and its significance in human action, are fools of the very blindest kind. Some of us find that it needs constant self-chastening and bracing up of the judgment to retain our belief in the cause of woman suffrage, of the justice and desirability of which we are convinced, assaulted as we almost daily are by the unnatural, unfeminine, almost inhuman blindness of many of its advocates."

Very few men in America have stood more prominently and emphatically for sound political principles than Ida M. Tarbell. She is one of the few women who influence men along this line, which is ordinarily peculiarly a man's line of influence. Therefore both men and women can afford to listen to her when, in her introduction to the "Book of Woman's Power," she says (I condense):

"Men and women have always crawled or soared together. The lot of woman is hard, but the human lot is hard. The assumption that the improvement of woman's condition depends upon the vote is quite as unsound as the charge of her inferiority. The woman in industry is, after all, but a transient. A training that will lead her to apply her power with appreciation and enthusiasm to domestic and not to political life is what she needs. It is harmful and unsound to believe that woman's position in society would improve in proportion as her activities and interests become the same as those of men. This implies that man's work in society is more important and developing than woman's. But both are essential to society, and who can prove that one essential factor is inferior to another essential factor? Her aptitudes and instincts and functions are different from those of man; and her differences are her strength. She must not prove her equality by doing in his way the things the man does; but by doing the things for which she is fitted, and which the world needs from her. Life is not saved by politics, but by principles."

In his admirable book on "The College Man and the College Woman," President Hyde, of Bowdoin, lays their duty plainly before them both with equal fearlessness and good sense; and one hardly knows whether most to admire his scorn for the licentious man, for the cruel or callous or merely selfish and inconsiderate man, and his insistence upon the same standard of morality for the two sexes, or his insistence to the woman that her life will be worthless unless she bears on her own back her share of the world burden, and feels in her own heart her part of the world sorrow, in normal experience within the home, the shop, the market, doing first of all in her own household her every-day and vital duties, so that thereby, and only thereby, she may become "the comrade of all who labor, the sister of all who serve."

If the woman suffrage movement were to be judged only by those advocates of it who discredit themselves and their sex by disorderly antics in public, and who assail the foundations of private and public morality in their endeavor, not to raise the sense of moral duty in man, but to lower the sense of moral duty in woman, I should certainly oppose the movement. But I do not believe these undesirable apostles are in any way to be accepted as exponents of the cause, and I call attention to the fact that they are prominent, not in the

region where woman suffrage does exist, but in regions where it does not exist.

I pin my faith to woman suffragists of the type of the late Julia Ward Howe. Julia Ward Howe was one of the foremost citizens of this Republic; she rendered service to the people such as few men in any generation render; and yet she did, first of all, her full duty in the intimate home relations that must ever take precedence of all other relations. There was never a better wife or mother; her children rose up to call her blessed, and the commonwealth should call her blessed for the children she bore and reared, for the character she transmitted to them, and the training she gave them in her household. We are fortunate in being able to point to such a woman as exemplifying all that we mean when we insist that the good woman's primary duties must be those of the home and the family, those of wife and mother; but that the full performance of these duties may be helped and not hindered if she also possesses a sense of duty to the public, and the power and desire to perform this duty.

In our Western States where the suffrage has been given to women I am unable to see that any great difference has been caused, as compared with neighboring States of similar social and industrial conditions where women have not the suffrage. There has been no very marked change in general political conditions, nor in the social and industrial position of woman. Yet what slight changes have occurred have been for the better, and not the worse. Moreover, I must say that, being a natural-born democrat, I do like to associate with people who possess every right that I possess. In those Western States it is a real pleasure to meet women, thoroughly womanly women, who do every duty that any woman can do, and who also are not only in fact but in theory on a level of full equality with men. I fail to see that these women are any less efficient in their households, or show any falling off in the sense of duty; I think the contrary is the case; and so far as their influence has affected political life at all it has affected it for good. I do not see much difference between Denver and the big cities of the East in those very matters where we would expect the influence of women's voting to count most; yet, after all, it is the women of Denver who have stood most stoutly behind Judge Lindsey. When I passed through Seattle last spring, it had just finished an election in which a most

needed bit of political house-cleaning had been performed; and the votes of the women had been a potent factor in securing decent government. The same thing was notably true in the Los Angeles election the other day. A very good citizen of Los Angeles, in a position fitting him to pass judgment, writes me as follows of this contest: "By the way, Colonel, I used to be dead against woman's suffrage, and although I voted for it and wrote for it—because it seemed to me right and just and a necessary part of sincere democracy—still I dreaded the consequences. Of course one swallow doesn't make a summer, but up to date in this contest the women have conducted themselves in a way to excite the liveliest admiration. They are setting the men a much-needed example of rapid, thorough work, with no foolish scrapping—dignified, conscientious, and effective."

Therefore I believe in woman suffrage wherever the women wish it. I would not force it upon them where, as a body, they do not wish it. I would leave the matter to be decided by vote of the women themselves. Most of the women whom I know best are against woman suffrage, and strongly criticize me for aiding in, as they term it, "forcing" it on them. But surely both the women who oppose the suffrage and the women who demand it ought to be willing to argue the matter out with the members of their own sex. If a majority of the women of a State vote affirmatively for the suffrage, it is time to give it to them. If only a small minority vote for it, it ought not to be forced upon the hostile and the indifferent majority. If benefit follows the suffrage, the suffragists will be justified. If there is weakening of moral fiber or any other evil as a result, they will be condemned, and will ultimately lose what they have gained. It is, and will ever remain, true of women as of men, that by their fruits shall ye know and judge them. Most of the women whom I know best are against woman suffrage precisely because they approach life from the standpoint of duty. They are not interested in their "rights" so much as in their obligations. They tell me that they feel that already they have as much to do as they can well attend to; that their duties are numerous and absorbing—although they are happy in doing them; and that, for the very reason that they take their duties seriously, and would accept suffrage seriously as a duty, they do not think that such a heavy additional burden should be put on their

shoulders. It is, however, with me a question whether these women, with busy, happy, duty-filled lives, are really typical of those other women who are more or less defenseless. These other women, wage-earning girls for instance, and wives whose husbands are brutal or inconsiderate, would, I believe, be helped by the suffrage, if they used it wisely and honorably. I hope that if women voted we should be able to wage a more rapidly successful war against the "white slave" traffic and kindred iniquities.

But this would come about only if women remembered, what so many men forget, that social evils can be successfully assailed only if the assailants avoid hysteria as carefully as they shun lukewarmness, and are resolved to combine with their fervor cool-headed common sense and the willingness to look unpleasant facts straight in the face.

I most earnestly desire to emphasize my feeling that the question of woman suffrage is unimportant compared to the great fundamental questions that go to the root of right conduct as regards both men and women. There should be equality of rights and duties, but not identity of function; and with the man, as with the woman, the prime duties are those related to the home and the family. Selfishness, frivolity, viciousness, love of ease, shirking toil and risk, avoidance of all that is hard, fear of life—of the only kind of life worth living—all of these are as criminal in the man as in the woman. I am not speaking of exceptions among men and women, but of the average healthy citizen of either sex, of the citizen upon whose character and welfare the success of our great democratic National experiment depends. The first duty of the average citizen is to be a good father or mother, husband or wife. Heaping up money as the end of life or leading a life of vapid ease and avoidance of labor and effort, or any other form of shirking duty, means the rotting of the soul. Cynical fools who advise men against marriage are fond of saying that "to go far one must go alone." But the goal reached alone is not worth reaching! Other fools, advising women to forsake their primary duties and "go into industry," prattle about the "economic dependence" of the wife. Economic dependence, forsooth! Any husband who regards his wife as "economically dependent," or who fails to recognize her as a full partner, needs severe handling by society or the State. The service of the good

mother to society is the most valuable economic asset that the entire commonwealth can show, and is of infinitely more worth to society than any possible service the woman could render by any other, and necessarily inferior, form of industry.

Motherhood must be protected; and the State should make the security of the mothers its first concern. Dr. Saleeby, in his book already quoted, utters the soundest common sense on this subject. Mothers (and children) should not be allowed to work in any way that interferes with the home duties; and widowed mothers with children and deserted mothers with children must be cared for. *But the care must not be given in such way as to encourage the man to shirk his duty.* His prime duty is to provide for his wife and his children; if he fails to do so, the law should instantly seize him and force him to do so. It should be even more severe in thus forcing him to care for his children if he has not married their mother. In such case the man has not merely grievously sinned against another human being, but has grievously sinned against society, against the commonwealth. There must be common parental care for children by both father and mother. Marriage buttresses motherhood by fatherhood. Just as it is the duty of the mother to bear and rear the children, so it is the duty of the father to support the mother and children, and if he fails in this duty the State should actively interfere and force him to perform it. We should not, in a spirit of sentimentality or false humanity, permit the State to relieve him of this duty or encourage him to escape the responsibility by having the State assume it; he is the one on whom the responsibility should fall, and he should be rigidly held to the performance of his duty. *"The last way in which to secure the rights of women is to abrogate the duties of men."* In the future it may well be that unmarried men will have to pay, as they ought to pay, a far heavier share of taxation than at present; but under no circumstances should fathers be permitted to shirk their duty of providing for their children, and the so-called reformers who advocate schemes towards this end are working for the corruption and dissolution of the entire social fabric.¹ Our aim must be the

¹In speaking of Dr. Saleeby's book, I wish to commend in the heartiest way the sound sense as well as sound morality he shows in treating of the hideous evils due to male licentiousness, evils the effect of which are felt by the entire body politic. I do not at all points agree with Dr. Saleeby; but he has rendered a great service.

healthy economic interdependence of the sexes, based on equality of rights and of obligations, including the obligation of sexual and domestic morality; any attempt to bring about the kind of "economic independence" which means a false identity of economic function spells mere ruin. The home, based on the love of one man for one woman and the performance in common of their duty to their children, is the finest product of Christianity and civilization. Our consistent effort must be to strengthen it, and any movement to destroy it marks the nadir of folly and wickedness.

Much can be done by law, and whatever can thus be done should be done. But much more can be done by a vigorous, enlightened, and effectively aroused public opinion. Not only easy divorce, but the shameful shirking of duty by men and women which leads to such divorce and to all kinds of domestic unhappiness, and all unhealthy love of ease and vapid excitement, and inability to prize the really highest things in life, should be unsparingly condemned, not only in theory but in practice. It should be a subject of just indignation wherever a duty is shirked; and we should hold in unmeasured scorn the empty laughter of the fool who sees in such shirking of duty only matter for mirth. In one of the magazines a month or two ago, in what purported to be the "funny" column, was a story of a man proposing marriage to a woman who hesitated to accept him, and he was represented as holding out inducements, saying: "I am willing that we should have no children, so that you will be able to go to Europe whenever you want to, entertain your friends, and not be tied down," to which she answers, "Good!" Foolish and brutal jesting about infamy, about the profanation of what should be holiest in life, is the mark of revolting depravity; for public opinion to tolerate such jests and stories is as if we should tolerate an ape capering over an altar. Woe to us as a Nation if our men and women, our young men and maidens, fail to face life with the brave and solemn purpose to lead it on the plane of high endeavor, and to find their supreme satisfaction in the full performance, and not the avoidance, of duty. "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, is a charmingly told story; and therefore it is a most effective tract which should teach this profound and lofty truth to many, many people who cannot be reached by the preacher or essayist.

To sum up: The point which I wish to

emphasize is that the supreme importance and high position of the woman of the type of Julia Ward Howe cannot be materially increased by the possession of the ballot. I am glad that the good, wise, and brave mother should have the ballot. I am especially glad if its possession will add to the high dignity of her position in the eyes of men. But I cannot conceive of any man's now failing to hold such a mother as more worthy of respect than any man, or than any other woman. The advocates of woman suffrage, unless they utterly and mischievously lose their perspective, will necessarily remember that the highest type of the woman of the future must be essentially identical with the highest type of the woman of the present and of the past—the wife and mother who performs the most important of all social duties with wisdom, courage, and efficiency. She is the woman who is, and always has been, and always will be the most useful and important of all the citizens of the State. No other work, done by any other woman, or by any man, is, or ever will be, as vital as hers to the well-being of society. No other work is, or ever will be, as difficult or as important. There are of course individual cases where the unmarried man or unmarried woman renders great service, just as in every efficient army there are certain men who do not carry arms and who yet render indispensable service. But exactly as in the last analysis the efficiency of the army depends primarily upon the efficiency of the average man who bears arms, so in society as a whole in the last analysis the welfare of the commonwealth rests fundamentally upon the high character of the average family—that is, upon the way in which the average father and the average mother do their duty to one another and to their children. The highest type of such family is already, in the present, of just the kind that it should be in the future. It is a partnership in which the partners are on a full equality of right, and have in common the strongest sense of duty, but in which the duties and the functions are on many points necessarily different. There should be the same level of love, of consideration, of respect and forbearance, to which each partner is bound to attain in his or her treatment of the other. Each should ever think of the rights of the other, and each should ever think of what is even more important than the rights—that is, of his or her own duties.

I believe in the movement for woman

suffrage, and believe that it will ultimately succeed and will justify itself. But I regard it as of far less consequence than many another movement for the betterment of present-day conditions as affecting both men and women. I feel that, instead of having to develop in the future, as something hitherto unknown, the highest and most useful type of woman, we already have that type with us now. The all-important thing is to endeavor in every way to raise as many other individuals as possible to the serene level of this type. In the same way, the important thing to work for in marriage is to raise the average marriage relations to the level of those that already obtain in the finest type of existing marriage. No woman will ever be developed who will stand above the highest and finest of the wives and mothers of to-day and of the yesterdays. The exercise of the suffrage can never be the most important of women's rights or women's duties. The vital need for women, as for men, is to war against vice, and frivolity, and cold selfishness, and timid shrinking from necessary risk and effort.

Men and women alike must withstand the wicked folly which places the gratification of mean tastes and ambitions and of a thirst for rapid excitement above the high happiness which can come only from the life of worthy effort spent with the full and glad performance of duty as its first object. The vice and folly of men and women, which lead to the divorce court or take shape in the curse of voluntary sterility, are fundamental evils, of prime, of capital importance. The ruin of motherhood and childhood by the merciless exploitation of the labor of women and children is a crime of capital importance. Any tendency to permit the man to shirk his duty as breadwinner, as keeper of the household, who owes his best effort to his wife and children, is an evil of capital importance. Any force or tendency which lowers the efficiency or the standard of living of either the average man or the average woman, whether on the farm or in the workshop or the store or the counting-room or the professions, is a tremendous evil, an evil of capital importance. In the long run and taken as a whole, men and women will go up or go down together, and all reforms of first-class importance must look towards raising both men and women to a higher level, alike as regards the things of the body and as regards the things of the soul.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BUSINESS?

THE VIEWS OF JAMES LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, AND OF CHARLES S. MELLEN, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN, AND HARTFORD RAILWAY SYSTEM. SPECIAL INTERVIEWS SECURED BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP FOR THE OUTLOOK

THE VIEWS OF JAMES LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN the world of learning, Professor James Laurence Laughlin is a leading authority on economic science, and head of the Department of Political Economy in Chicago University. In the world of practical business he fills a place of not less distinction, as the foremost champion of honest finance on many a hard-contested battlefield. The peculiar honor fell to him in 1896, when the good faith of the Nation hung in the balance, of being selected as one of the two refractory pupils to be held up for discipline in "Coin's Financial School." His work in the political activities of that year, in supplying the most effective munitions of war, will always be remembered with gratitude in the country which reaped the benefit of his energy; and he is now devoting every hour he can spare from his professorial duties to the organization and direction of a campaign for a more elastic system of banking credits. It was in his downtown office, where he sat like the busiest of busy generals, receiving reports from his subordinates in the field and issuing orders for succeeding movements, that I sought him with The Outlook's question: "What's the matter with business?"

"What is the matter with business?" echoed Professor Laughlin. "That is a question which could be answered satisfactorily only by a long and rather elaborate analysis of existing conditions. In a broad way, however, the trouble may be defined as uncertainty. Nobody in business knows just 'where he is at.' The merchant or the manufacturer whose trade is affected in any way by the tariff is in a state of alarm, more or less acute according to circumstances, about what the next revision may be. I

fancy, though, that this alarm is, in most cases, exaggerated. Our tariff rates are now so high that even the most decided revision Congress would be likely to give them would amount only to a trimming of the edges, as it were.

"A more potent influence for unrest is the cloud of doubt raised under the Sherman Act. The worst of these elements of uncertainty is that their effects are necessarily distributed through the whole community instead of being confined to the classes they immediately affect. The clerical class and the laboring class all suffer when their chiefs are in trouble; and as long as mere size is treated in trade as presumptive evidence of criminality of conduct or intent, the trouble is bound to be very widespread in these days of big things."

"You regard size, then, as a determining factor in the decision of the Federal authorities whether to prosecute one corporation or another?" I asked.

"I am forced to that conclusion, and hence my deprecation of what is going on. Huge aggregations of capital are an outgrowth of natural conditions which we can no more change by statute than we could have originated them by the same means. If we suppress the great aggregations in one form, they are bound to reappear in another. Substantially all the biggest combinations we see under fire to-day grew up, not before the Sherman Act was passed, but since it has been in supposed continuous operation, showing that the actual conditions of the present era could not have been contemplated by the framers of that law. Though we may scatter the units of which a billion-dollar trust is composed, on the ground that by their com-

bination they have wronged society, why are we not bound, by parity of reasoning, to break up every billion-dollar corporation, whether composed of units formerly separate or setting out with this whole amount of capital invested in one concern? If a combination with such means behind it, because it can control fifty per cent of the output in a certain field of production and dictate prices and methods of distribution, thereby renders itself liable to discipline as a monopoly, why is not a single homogeneous company, originally capitalized for a like amount and producing like commodities in like quantities, equally liable to discipline? Yet the only element which gives to either its power to monopolize is its bigness.

"Few persons pause to consider how we have come to be dealing nowadays in figures so much larger than of old. Not a little of the change may be traced to the difference between ancient and modern methods of valuation. Formerly a producing concern was capitalized on the basis of its tangible assets. If a company owned a visible plant worth a hundred thousand dollars, its capital was fixed at that amount. To-day we capitalize on the basis of earnings, because earnings depend not only upon capital invested, but upon the quality of the management. If the hundred-thousand-dollar plant can turn out a million dollars' worth of work in a year, we calculate how large a part of that million could safely be distributed as profits, and set down, as our valuation of the company, the principal on which that net profit would pay annually, say, five or six or eight per cent, as the case may be. In the vast majority of instances a valuation based on earnings is very much higher than a valuation of the same concern based on its tangible property.

"And, while we are on this subject of business, why is one man able to gather others with capital about him, launch a business enterprise of large proportions, and carry it to success, while his neighbor spends an entire lifetime plodding at small things in a small way? Because nature has distributed her gifts unevenly between men. Clear judgment and a genius for managing large affairs are not characteristics so common as to pass unnoticed. Ought a man possessing these traits to be required to keep them out of sight, where they can be of no service to the public, merely because their practical use may place some less well-endowed person at

an inequality? Is this equal justice between men? Is it progress? Is it, indeed, in any sense the 'free competition' for which we hear so loud a demand? It seems to me that it is of the very essence of free competition that the Government shall not interfere to prevent the race from going to the swiftest runner. The competitive spirit is born in us. Every normally constituted human being has in him an impulse to be or to do something better than his neighbor. The world is the gainer by this common impulse, for it inspires invention, promotes resourcefulness, incites emulation, makes itself felt everywhere in life. It is something whose honest exercise is to be encouraged rather than suppressed, and its dishonest exercise is subject to the same restraints and punishments as dishonesty in any other domain.

"It seems to me that the popular mind has wandered too far afield when it soberly proposes that Government shall step in between man and man in their private relations, and say to one, 'You shall not offer to buy your neighbor's business,' and to another, 'You shall not accept your neighbor's offer of purchase,' and to a third, 'You shall not lower the price of your products to attract trade, because your neighbor may not be able to reduce his prices to the same or a lower level, and thus compete with you, without hurting himself.' Such interference, where the conduct interfered with does not infringe upon the rights of the public at large, is no proper function of government. If such a thing can be done in the case of a great trust, it can be done with equal propriety in the case of Rinaldo, who keeps a little shoe-shop in the Italian quarter, and who attracts customers away from his competitors, Giovanni and Giuseppe, by agreeing to keep shoes in repair for a year without cost to the purchaser. But who would give a second thought to such a patent absurdity as that?"

"In those cases where public rights were infringed or menaced, how would you find it out?"

"By enforced publicity. There is your one remedial agent which is fair to every one concerned. A business which has to be conducted in secret may well be open to suspicion; but in the case of one which exposes its workings freely to public view, the presumption must always be that it is honestly conducted, and, if it is not, it is the Government's business to find out the wrong-doing

and punish it. When the people have the records spread before them, they have the opportunity to judge whether any given corporation deserves their encouragement or the reverse; and if they are deliberately indifferent to such warnings, whom have they to blame but themselves? If there is a pitfall in a highway, and we mark it with a plain sign by day and hang lanterns in front of it by night, have we not taken every reasonable precaution to keep travelers from running into it? Or must we furnish each traveler with a policeman to prevent his walking into the hole in disregard of all warnings?

"See how the present illogical system works out. I knew of a corporation not long ago which was a business success. It was managed by high-minded men who found themselves in a quandary whether to reduce the prices of their goods to the public, at the risk of thereby absorbing so much more of the trade in their field as to render them liable to indictment as conspirators to establish a monopoly, or keep prices where they were and let inferior competitors, less well equipped, enter the field. Somebody suggested that if the authorities were convinced that their company was conferring a public benefit by reduced cost to the consumer, it would not be prosecuted; but the answer came promptly: 'Admitting that we escape now, what assurance have we that, if the Sherman Law continues on the statute-book, some Federal prosecutor in power a dozen years hence may not decide to hark back and hale us all into court, just as has been done under the present Administration with good citizens whose alleged offenses were as much as twelve years old?'"

"Do you consider the tariff and trust uncertainties the worst clouds hovering over the horizon?"

"The lowest-hanging perhaps, and hence the most widely noted. But there is another which is liable to rise and overspread the sky like a whirlwind at any time. That is the

uncertainty born of our credit system. We have the poorest system of any nation of our standing in the world. By way of illustration, take the recent Morocco affair, where France withdrew her gold from Germany, and thereby undoubtedly averted war, because Germany did not care to risk going into a fight with her monetary resources in bad condition. Had the United States been confronted with a situation like that, we should have had a panic, with its accompaniment of disastrous failures and general trade demoralization. But Germany, with her elastic credit system, could face her emergency in comparative comfort. Her banks went on extending their loans in spite of the gold withdrawals, and domestic business was protected. Had the situation been reversed, and France been in Germany's position, we should have witnessed the same thing; and we should also if England were faced with a like crisis to-morrow. Yet our own country lags behind in spite of all the lessons past panics ought to have taught her. Here, when drafts on our bank reserves bring them down to the statutory minimum, the directors of each institution have to choose between breaking the law and breaking their customers; for every further loan which takes the form of crediting the borrower with a deposit is really an additional charge against the reserves, and hence a reduction of these below the lawful limit. We cannot afford to go longer without new legislation to meet these potential conditions; and the most practical plan yet proposed is the one contemplated by our National Reserve Association campaign. This would furnish to every legitimate business enterprise in the country a safeguard against disaster in times of money stringency; and the confidence it would engender in the world of trade would do a great deal toward enabling it to bear the tariff and trust uncertainties if it should prove impossible to clear those up at once and for good."

THE VIEWS OF CHARLES S. MELLEN

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN, AND HARTFORD RAILWAY SYSTEM

SEATED in a sunny living-room at his country home in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, with birds singing in various parts of it, and a sweet-toned clock breaking into their music from time to time to record the gradual passage of the morning,

I talked with Charles Sanger Mellen, the "railway despot of New England," about the business situation. Here was a man who had literally hewn his way from a petty clerkship to the command of a powerful system, and, after a career of extraordinary success

in other parts of the Union, had come back to the region where he started, but at the opposite extreme of the official line.

A curious mixture of incongruities, he. As a boy his ruling passion was not, as one might fancy, to hang about railway yards, or stoke a locomotive, or play at brakeman on a train. On the contrary, he was a devotee of music, and, believing that he possessed some talent for that art, set about earning enough to pay for an education in it. A minor desk in the office of the cashier of the Northern New Hampshire Railroad Company happened to fall vacant, and he sought and obtained employment there. Accident rather than conscious adaptation, therefore, is responsible for one of the most pronounced successes in the transportation trade witnessed in our generation. He has not attained his ends, of course, without making a host of enemies by the way, and they, when aroused, are unsparing in their denunciation of his methods of making his railway properties valuable. They accuse him of owning the Connecticut Legislature, though they fail to explain why this slave never hesitates to pile fresh burdens on its master's back whenever it can find any it has not put there already. They say that he is insufferably arrogant in dealing with his fellow-men; yet to see him in a mixed company and note his unobtrusive, almost shy, manner when thrown with others than his business opponents, you might guess him a sufferer from oppression rather than a ruthless oppressor. They represent him as hard, unsympathetic, devoid of all those softer traits we style the humanities; yet when you find him in his hiding-place among the Berkshire Hills, surrounded by trees and flowers and books, with song-birds everywhere inside of his house and a more ambitious aviary outside, you recognize in him not only a student but a lover of nature.

He converses readily, but rarely smiles. No question, however searching, is refused an answer or dodged; no suggestion seems to find him unprepared. He has a wonderful memory for statistics and other details of the progress of yesterday and to-day, but also quotes the classic writers on history and government when necessary to fortify a point in his argument.

This is the railway expert whose work on the Atlantic slope early attracted the attention of the directorates of two transcontinental trunk lines, and led them to make him successively General Traffic Manager of the

Union Pacific and President of the Northern Pacific companies, and whose achievements in upbuilding those roads caused his recall to the East and his installation at the head of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford system, controlling with practically a free hand about everything that runs on rails in New England. He is at his best as a planner of long campaigns, being ready to make almost any sacrifice of what appear to be the interests of the moment for the sake of what his trained instinct tells him are bound to be big results a dozen years hence. Like most forceful men who have come to put strong faith in their own prophetic judgments, he is somewhat intolerant of shorter-sighted opinions, and, I dare say, expresses this feeling now and then in a fashion more candid than ingratiating. From the general make-up of his mind, I was not surprised when, in response to *The Outlook's* inquiry, "What's the matter with business?" he voiced his conclusion that the trouble was psychological rather than tangible.

"The two elements which seem to me dominant in the present situation," said he, "are suspicion and uncertainty. The public mind has got into a morbid condition concerning large wealth and large business. If a man has accumulated a handsome fortune, it is taken for granted that he must have done so dishonestly; if a corporation is doing business on a big scale, involving the combination or absorption of a number of smaller concerns, it must have violated the law against monopoly. This attitude on the part of the public has a serious effect on the men and companies under suspicion. The man of means fears to risk his money in new enterprises which may later fall under the ban; the managers of great producing companies trim their trade to the narrowest compass within which they can keep going, for they know not at what moment they may be haled before the bar of judgment and subjected to penalties which will cripple them. So business, which ought now to be active and prosperous, has become torpid, and every one is waiting to see what is going to turn up.

"I know how the present discomfort affects trade, because not only does our railway system have a multitude of New England's leading producers for customers, but some of them are on my board of directors. Look about you, and you will see that manufacturers everywhere are turn-

ing out only such goods as they are obliged to, cutting expenses to the last limit, and hesitating to take any forward step, because they have no idea what kind of a tariff is coming out of the Congressional caldron next winter. If they knew *anything* positively—even that the new tariff was going to be one that would hit them hard—they could adjust their business to that and go ahead; it's the uncertainty that kills. In the same way, no corporation manager knows whether he is keeping within the law or not. I never venture to move without a lawyer at each elbow; and then I can't be sure, though acting on the best advice I can command, that I am not making mistakes. If my mistake happens to be of a certain kind, I am not only obliged to repair it financially, but liable to be branded as a criminal. It is not a pleasant situation, and probably any remedies we tried to apply to it would prove only palliatives at best. In short, the condition of business is a good deal like a fever: we all hope, and expect, that the patient will recover by and by, but, as far as we can see, the disease will have to run its uncertain course."

"How came we, in your opinion, to reach this pass?" I inquired.

"It is due to several causes, operating in succession or in combination. A few years ago business was moving along without much disturbance of its surface. Those of us who could look underneath saw that many things were going on which ought not to; some of the big concerns were treating the law with contempt, and lesser ones took this as a justification for doing the same themselves. Of course such a state of affairs was unwholesome, and called for cutting out. President Roosevelt undertook to apply the knife. Meanwhile, the public mind had been worked up by various agitators to a sort of frenzy, and, as soon as the process of official surgery began, a clamor arose for deeper and deeper, more and more indiscriminate cutting. The Taft Administration followed, and its surgery was still more extensive; but the public thirst for blood seemed to be whetted, rather than appeased, by everything done for it.

"Don't misunderstand me as objecting to the enforcement of law; I believe in it. It is an unfortunate coincidence, however, when an effort to correct evils finds the public mind in an inflamed state, which renders calm, unsensational operations impossible, and what starts out as a proper check to law-

breaking degenerates into a wild hue and cry of persecution."

"And you think this will wear itself out in time?"

"It cannot continue indefinitely, it seems to me, without bringing about a radical change in our system of government. The advocates of the initiative and referendum and recall have recognized their opportunity, and are pressing for these and other so-called reforms on the plea that they mean the restoration of 'the people' to power; yet every thinking man must realize that, with a vast population like ours, such a thing as direct popular rule is out of the question. We have grown up under representative government; why change it? You know that even a Massachusetts town meeting elects officers to whom it intrusts the town's business. It doesn't attempt to do that itself; it can't. What would become of a railway like that over which I preside, if all the stockholders had to be consulted every time we spent a hundred dollars on the repair of a freight-house? The stockholders elect to their directorate a small body of men in whose business judgment they have confidence, and these men run the road. And even in that little managing group there must be one responsible head. If an emergency confronts me as president, I can't always wait to call my directors together before acting; I have to do what appears to me wisest under all the circumstances, and later report it to the directors and ask their approval. That is the way all large business is done, and the Government of this country is the largest business in it.

"To go back to your question, I must believe, as a good American, that our present trouble would work itself out eventually if we left it alone; but a good deal can be done meanwhile to forward that end. In view of the ever larger and larger influence popular sentiment is having in the affairs of both public and private business, the education of that sentiment, so that the mass of the people will think sanely and without prejudice, would be of immense value. Let the newspapers and other agencies of general information try to impress upon their constituencies a realization that this is a country of equal opportunity; that, in spite of those natural differences in capacity between man and man which always did and always will exist, every one who makes the most of such capacity as he has been endowed with has

plenty of avenues to success open to him; that, as long as mankind continues to inhabit the earth, there will be some who get ahead of others; but that the man who never gets anywhere has usually himself most to blame for his failure, and the poorest recreation in which he can indulge is an effort to pull down his neighbors who have used their talents to better advantage."

"Do the recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the trust cases seem to you to have cleared the air at all?"

"They were what we had every reason to expect, of course; but for any large effects from them, in the direction popularly looked for, we may have to wait a good while. It is plain, isn't it, that the mere resolution of the Standard Oil Trust into its component parts does not mean necessarily that these corporations are going to change the personnel of their management? And if the same managers remain in charge, what changes are we to look for in their policies and conduct? It is possible that in course of time, with the gradual disintegration of the shareholdings, the separate companies may undergo notable changes, even to the extent of becoming rivals in trade; but in the natural order of things this sequel is still a long way off."

"And in the meantime—"

"In the meantime we shall probably see no practical results from the dissolution of the Trust except an increase in the price of oil, which seems hardly avoidable after the former economies in administration are brought to an end. When you reflect that, since the foundation of the Standard, prices have gone down so that to-day you can buy a gallon of kerosene for one-half what you pay for a gallon of bottled table-water like Poland, for instance, you begin to realize that, from the point of view of the cost of living, a trust may not be an unmixed evil. That, however, is a consideration with which our present discussion has nothing to do. The public demand is for the dissolution of all monopolies; and if, after the Government has complied with that demand, prices rise all along the line, it is merely a case of the people getting what they called for, and we must assume that they stand ready to pay the bill."

"How will the anti-monopoly campaign affect the railway monopolies?"

"I do not recognize the existence to-day of such a thing as a railway monopoly. Twenty-five years ago it might have been possi-

ble, but the railway rate law and the large powers conferred upon the Inter-State Commerce Commission have changed all that. What I have built up, for example, is not a monopoly, but a machine for producing transportation at a less cost than was possible before. Were it not for the enormous increase in the cost of living in the railway business—that is, the cost of the transportation we sell—our rates could have been reduced and our service promoted; as it is, advances have been avoided and a service continued that would otherwise have been out of the question. A monopoly, as I understand the term, implies the control of a business by one mind, or by a group of minds acting as one. You can't have a monopoly when the statutes regulate a business, and tribunals like the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and the public service commissions in the States, are authorized to veto and recast plans which the officers of a company, acting in the interest of the shareholders, have laid. The divided responsibility takes it out of the monopoly class. The control of rates, charges, and service is absent.

"The chief troubles of the railway world lie not in that quarter, but in another. I refer to the effort now making to bring all the roads in the United States under one general rule as to the classification of freights. You simply cannot make a rule as to classification, rates, or *anything else*, which will apply with equal fairness to a road in Massachusetts and to one in Idaho or California, for conditions in railroading differ as widely in different parts of the country as conditions of soil and climate. You can't do it even in neighboring States. To illustrate: The New Haven Company is required by the law of Connecticut to abolish fourteen grade crossings every year. This involves so large an expenditure that, if a like law prevailed in Maine, it would break the railways there."

"As long, though, as the public demand is for publicity and Government regulation, how would you meet it?"

"By giving the Government a representation in the directorate of all inter-State companies commensurate with its interest. I realize what objection would be raised to this plan—that the Pacific Railway experiment in the same line had not proved a success. Well, if a Government director fails to do his duty, does not the fault lie with him, rather than with the plan? Perhaps you will reason

that a single director, however worthy personally, is quite overslaughed in a board comprised of several representatives of the stockholders. Then give him the right to call for assistance. Let the Government put in as many directors as it needs to insure the company's doing what it ought, or being exposed if it doesn't. This power of exposure, at least, is one not to be lightly reckoned with. But no politicians are wanted for such places, or men who feel that they must shoot off skyrocket once in so often to convince the public that they are earning their salaries. Give the positions sufficient dignity, permanency, and compensation to attract competent business men with some knowledge of railroading.

"As to publicity, there is a distinct line to be drawn. Publicity in those matters which it is for the best interest of all concerned to have published is all right. But if you are going, let us say, to build a spur of road from your main line to some point at a distance, and you advertise your projected route prematurely, every hamlet along some other potential route will rise and bombard the Legislature with remonstrances, and you will have delays, and hold-ups, and all sorts of obstructions thrown in your way. That, surely, is not for the public interest, but it is what some of the critics of corporate rapacity would insist upon just as earnestly as on the publicity of your balance-sheets."

"There has been much gossip about the falling off of earnings on your New Haven road. Do you attribute it to the slump in business?"

"The earnings have not fallen off; they have increased. But the operating expenses have increased also, and out of all proportion to the earnings. We have to pay a great deal more to our employees than of old. I can't blame the men for wanting more pay, in view of the enormous increase in the cost of living, which pinches them as it does the rest of us. Unluckily, the adverse conditions are cumulative. At the same time that it is costing the employee so much more to live, popular distrust and commercial uncertainty are reducing the number who can be given steady employment, as well as the capacity of the employer to pay them what they ought to have.

"It is a serious misfortune when those who have most to say about what shall be done for the regulation of a highly specialized business are, as a rule, persons who have

never studied that business from the inside. They assume that the only way to make a statute fair is to make it of universal application in all details, and to insist that the corporations subject to such statute must treat every community on the same footing instead of following the lines indicated by the natural laws of trade. This is a bad mistake. No Congress, no State Legislature, no political tribunal, can successfully instruct a railway company, for example, as to the wisest expenditure of its money for the development of its business. Every community is sure that it is best located for a commercial center; and when popular opinion is allowed to control, or strongly influence, such matters, there will follow a larger waste of time, energy, and money than we have seen in connection with the 'boom' towns of the West, with the wreck of fortunes in the East as one of the results.

"Or, again, if we are going to distribute our carrier service on a geographic rather than a commercial basis, what is to become of those cities and towns which owe their prosperity chiefly to the railways, because, having been shrewd enough to offer the roads special hospitalities, they are now reaping the benefit of their foresight? Indeed, if this idea of theoretic equalization is carried far enough, we may yet see whole sections of the United States go into premature decline, because other sections happen to be better able to endure the conditions imposed uniformly on all railway traffic.

"All these things tend, as it seems to me, in one direction—Government ownership. There is plenty of business to-day for the common carriers to do with equal profit to themselves and the general public; but when matters shall have reached a point where the private owners of a railway can no longer make it pay under the terms forced upon it by the Government, what will be left but for the Government to take the property over and manage it itself? That is a consummation we should all deplore, because the enormous patronage which would be controlled by the dominant party would present temptations too strong for ordinary political human nature to resist, and the country would have to pass through another era of scandals and abuses and general demoralization. Still, we may have it thrust upon us, which, to my view, would mean the beginning of the end of our present form of government.

"So I return to my first assertion, that

we must attribute the existing depression to the suspicious mood into which the public mind has fallen, leading to ever greater and greater intrusions of the Government into

private affairs. There is nothing the matter with physical conditions of business in the United States. What we have to deal with is a state of mind."

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS

AN ARTICLE IN THE SERIES ON HOME-MAKING

BY MARY L. READ

WHAT training would prepare a young woman as adequately for the work of a mother as a lawyer is expected to be trained for the court, the actor for the stage, the physician for the hospital, or the teacher for the school-room? To answer this we must first discern clearly the problems that a mother must meet. Leaving behind those problems of control of environment that every housewife must encounter, let us go on to the problems that arise only because of motherhood—that except for the children would never be confronted. It is with these that our present discussion is concerned.

The most obvious, of course, are the problems of the daily physical care, first in babyhood, then in childhood. Here is the baby, a little soft, limp bundle, with many active appendages, to bathe, to dress, to keep properly warm and properly cool, to hold in the right way, to feed at the right times and in the right amount and with the right kind of food. Every week, moreover, he is changing, and needs new adjustments of feeding, of sleeping, of garments, of temperatures.

By and by he spends more hours awake. He watches, listens, laughs, kicks, pulls, tries to play. He is so cunning! How much may he be fondled and played with? He is forming habits of physical activity and manner of response to his mother, his father, his furniture—to all persons and things. Is it any use trying to shape his character so early? Presently he begins to stand, to walk. What sort of shoes should he wear? His teeth are being cut. May he have a pacifier or a rubber ring? He attempts to eat everything he can reach. How much may he partake of his father's diet? Sometimes he falls down and bumps and bruises

his fragile little body. He cuts his fingers, burns his hands. He has pains somewhere that he cannot locate, but that make him cry for hours. He wakens every one in the middle of a cold night by a fearsome coughing and whooping.

He wants everything he sees. What kinds of toys should he have, and many of them or few? He has ideas of his own that he wants above everything to execute. He begins to talk, and tries to repeat everything he hears. Must he go to bed at sundown, or may he stay up to play with father? He loves to hear little songs at bedtime and in the morning. His ideas become more definite and abstract, and he begins to ask questions, questions, questions about everything he sees and hears and imagines and wonders. He wants "a 'tory," insatiably "a 'tory." His constant refrain becomes, "What shall I do now?"

By and by he starts to school. He learns to read, and is ready to devour everything of a narrative nature that he can lay hands on. He makes acquaintances among the school boys and girls, and receives some share of their ideas and experiences. How shall his mother retain his confidence and sympathy? What instruction should he have for his own protection? He must have games, a place to play. He develops still more will of his own, and determination to have his own way. His tastes in pictures, in music, in amusements, are being shaped. How young should he go to the theater? His ideals of mean and noble, of worthy and contemptible, of worthless and valuable, are being formed. Character is becoming fixed. Shall he be influenced to join the church? Is it better to allow him to go to work for a time, or keep him persistently in school?

Long before these obvious requirements

have come the more subtle problems of why he exists at all—of his heredity, and who shall share in that heredity; of the relations of father and mother; of the conditions for conferring life to him that will be most favorable and benign for him; of how he should be cared for, and his mother until his birth; of how both mother and father shall share in the responsibility for his life; of how all these problems shall be met with graciousness and beauty and joy, with due sense of responsibility and self-control, and in harmony with nature's laws.

No amount of poetry, of beautiful reveries, of economic ability or social position, of classic education or naïve ignorance, of solicitous mother love or parental indifference, will annihilate these problems for the mother or miraculously gift her with scientific intelligence for solving them. She may—if she is the one woman in a hundred who has the economic means—after her little child is born delegate his care and training to a hireling. She may, at that point in his history, desert him to the mercies of some philanthropic society. Or she may ignore all but the most insistent physical problems, and meet even these indifferently, crudely. But, however she may slight them, these are, nevertheless, by virtue of her motherhood, *her* responsibilities, *her* problems. She may ardently long to do the very best for her child, to develop and train him most normally and completely, but what this best is, and the method of such training and care, she can know only by exercising her intelligence and actually learning the laws of science (which is nature) and the technique of the nursery.

To be sure, these many problems involve vastly more than instruction in class-room science. The growth through her own childhood and girlhood of a natural, vigorous physical life, with abundant reserve strength and resistant nerves; the development of wholesome ideas and ideals of marriage as a responsibility and motherhood as a blessing and a trust; the cultivation of habits of self-reliance and service for others; the ready sympathy with others' troubles and joys, little or great; the fine combination of gentleness and firmness; the true perception of worth in life and in mankind, and the consequent unregretted bestowal of her love—all these are foundational. It requires so much of personality, of well-trained character, of vitality, to be the artist mother! Teachers,

acquaintances, woodland and fields, books, magazines, newspapers, plays, all have their influence in shaping her personality. But the responsibility for this fundamental training rests most heavily on the girl's own home, and chiefly upon her parents, and particularly upon her own mother. It is recognition of such maternal responsibility that commonly deters even far-seeing teachers from presuming to discuss many of these important questions or to impart instruction often sorely desired or needed by a young woman; they hesitate to trespass upon this right and responsibility of the home.

Such a training in character and physique is the essential prerequisite of those sciences that will give her definite instruction in the care and training of her children. What are those sciences? Chiefly biology, hygiene, psychology, and sociology. Not that all that is commonly taught under these captions will be useful to the mother. Moreover, she may have "passed" in all of them with slight value to her mother work. To suggest only a few of the subjects within these sciences that are particularly important for her training, these would include, in sociology, the importance of the family in social welfare, the history of human marriage, the development of monogamy, the experiments in other forms of marriage and why they have been abandoned, the value of courtship, the fundamental causes of divorce and of infant mortality, the conditions that have produced more of comradeship between husband and wife, the wife's share of responsibility in the home. In psychology she should learn how to study the developing mind and spirit of the little child, how to observe and make the most of the characteristics that are predominant in each stage of his development—in infancy, childhood, and adolescence, how habits are formed, how appetites and emotions are trained—and she and her family might be spared many a trial of spirit, perhaps even tragedy, by teaching her to appreciate the differences in the way mind and emotions work in men and in women, and how emotions are weakened or strengthened. In biology she should gain a clear understanding of the wonderful processes of reproduction and the development of the embryo, and the biological meaning of birth, what is known of heredity and congenital influences, the influence of sunlight, food, and temperature upon growth. In hygiene she should realize the close relation between physical condition and the life

of the spirit ; how her own life should be lived to meet adequately the physical requirements of motherhood, the actual physical care of the baby and the little child.

Unless she is one of the few who have gone on to college, or at least to high school, she has had little study of any of these sciences. Yet the fundamental principles of them all might be taught her profitably in the elementary grades, through her nature study, geography, physiology, history, and literature. Those phases of these sciences that especially relate to the welfare of the succeeding generation are becoming included in the now-developing science of eugenics—of being well born—of which no less an educational authority than Dr. G. Stanley Hall writes : “I hold that its rudiments should be in some way imparted to every boy and girl in the early teens, and that it should be continued in high school and college.” And Dr. Hall proceeds to give no less than nine reasons for his conclusion.

Paradoxically, in no other work has conservatism of education so long prevailed as in this, which even the conservatives yet laud as the most vital problem in human society—the perpetuation of the race and the care of the child in the home. Who cannot number among his acquaintances persons of reputed intelligence who look with condescending scorn and smiling ridicule upon the very idea of this as a serious study, at least for young men and women, and who extol “mother instinct” as an all-sufficient guide ?

Mother instinct is indeed essential for complete motherhood, but many of these well-meaning adorers overlook its limitations. In the process of evolution all instincts become increasingly weaker and inefficient as practical guides, remaining chiefly as emotional and pervasive incentives to a course of action. Mother instinct is no exception to this great biological law.

Practically, mother instinct and more or less of a common school education have been the only guide granted to most of the millions of mothers of our own generation. What has been the result ? (1) Not less than one marriage in twelve ends in divorce ; (2) childlessness is increasing at a rate that alarms economists and sociologists ; (3) infanticide abounds, both through ignorance and intention ; (4) the death rate under five years of age, when children are most in the mother's care, is higher than at any other five-year period, not more than seventy chil-

dren of every hundred surviving until school age ; (5) more than seventy-five per cent of criminals became offenders before they were old enough to vote ; (6) the increasing weakness of parental influence is everywhere evident and loudly deplored. In the face of such stern and indisputable evidence, to extol “mother instinct” as a sufficient guide begins to sound like hypocritical twaddle.

The experience and attitude of highly educated women should furnish some circumstantial evidence. What do we find ? That, notwithstanding the general neglect of these specific problems in the college, with even a little instruction in biology, psychology, and sociology, divorces among college women are only one-fifth as frequent as in the population at large ; that the marriage rate among college women is somewhat higher than among non-college women ; that the children of the college woman are more likely to grow to adulthood ; that infant specialists declare her to be the most intelligent and painstaking mother. And college alumnae are urging more specific college instruction for the home and family responsibilities.

Training for mother work is not a problem for a few women alone. In the United States seven women of every ten over twenty years of age are married. The annual number of marriages in this country approximates nine hundred thousand. More than two million babies are born here every year ; and about three hundred thousand of them die under two years of age.

From the standpoint of biology and sociology—which is the standpoint of race welfare and social progress—it is the duty of every mother to come well trained and prepared for her work. From the standpoint of her own instincts, ambitions, and ideals, this is her right ; and no material provision or poetic adoration will compensate for its denial. What must be the natural and logical conclusions of the multitude of young women who observe that neither their parents nor their teachers seem to consider marriage or motherhood subjects for serious discussion or preparation ? To quote again from Dr. Hall, when he speaks of such a woman : “She will reach the goal in the end ; but how vastly much might have been saved her by a little plain, sane teaching betimes ? And how this long stage, which is throughout so very vulnerable to shock, might have been shortened and facilitated !”

CANDLEMAS DAY

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

DURING several days of almost unprecedented calm in midwinter the small fishing-schooner School-Girl lay at anchor in the snug harbor of Killick Cove. Skipper Ansel Gaskett and "Uncle Benny" Spurling, the two oldest of the half-dozen men on board, were natives of the place, though neither had lived in it for many years. Unable to reach their trawls, set several miles outside, the crew spent much time lounging about the few stores of the village, while the Skipper and Uncle Benny were chiefly occupied in hunting up scattered friends of their youth in the vicinity.

The second day of February opened like a morning in early May. There was no snow on the ground, and scarcely a breath of wind stirred; even the usual rumbling winter rots of the sea upon this rocky coast was stilled to a drowsy murmur. Long stretches of the roughly frozen highway through the village early began to glisten with moisture in the sun's mellow light, and thin ice in the deep wheel-ruts gave under foot with a truly autumnal crackle.

Uncle Benny and others of the crew returned on board in time for the customary supper at half-past three, but darkness was fast settling over the Cove when the Skipper hailed from shore for a dory to take him off.

"I'd 'most commenced to misdoubt ef old Aunt Polly hadn't made out to bridle ye, Skip'," said Uncle Benny, jocosely, as Skipper Ansel reached for his pipe after a hearty meal. "For king's sakes, where you been to sence I see you at noontime?"

"Oh, wall, you," answered the Skipper, "I been taking a hitch quite a piece inland this afternoon. D'ye know, it seldom ever comes Candlemas but that it puts me in mind of old Aunt Polly up there; but to-day bein' so master fine, and we layin' here to the Cove, I s'pose likely it all fetched her to mind more'n ever. Anyways, that's where I been to—chock up the Old Road to her place, there."

"Sho!" Uncle Benny exclaimed. "Consid'ble of a rough jaunt that must be now-days, and no mistake. It's risin' twenty year sence I was up the Old Road, and the goin' was wuss'n pizen then. Talkin' of Aunt

Polly, though, I cal'late it must been pretty much some such a plaguey warm Candlemas as this that made the ter'ble fallin' out betwixt her and old Skip' Joe Hen Kentle that time, don't you?"

"I wouldn't wonder a mite," the Skipper said. "Anyways, I'll bate 'twa'n't no hotter up through them alders than what I found it to-day. It like to stifled me, one spell. I cal'late after this 'ere 'twill storm and blow like a man every minute's time chock to Fourth o' July day!"

"Oh, no doubt we'll have to take our med'cine in good shape from this on," Benny assented. "But how was things up atop of Kentleses' hill? Look anyways nach'al like?"

"I don't see no great change up that ways," the Skipper replied. "Of course the Old Road has gullied out clean to the bare laidge, same's Aunt Polly cal'lated for it to; but her little old shack ain't gone back none as I can see sence she got through. Skip' Joe Hen's old cellar-hole next door looks same's ever, and so doos the gap in the wall. Every one of them tormented great rocks lays jest where Aunt Polly turned to and hove 'em that night—"

"Look a' here!" broke in young "Hacky-Sam" Bowse, who, as cook, fully realized that to interrupt was a privilege of his office. "What in timenation is all this rigmarole you two are gittin' off? Ef there's a yarn back of all this kind of talk, what's the reason you can't take and out with it in plain United States, so's all hands can git full benefits?"

"There, there, Sam," said Skipper Ansel, a little reprovngly. "The way I look at them things, a 'yarn' is liable to constitute nothin' only old women's gossup-talk like; what I and Uncle Benny here might turn to and tell ye in regard to all them works up atop of Kentleses' hill ashore here would be nothin' only *true hist'ry*, that we're knowing to the truth of ourselves. I want you should un'stand a yarn and true hist'ry constitutes two diff'rent things."

"All right, then, Skip'," said Hacky-Sam, stowing away the last supper dish in its locker; "jes' you say about it. True hist'ry is plenty good enough for us any day in the week. Jest take and let her go!"

"Wall, then," the Skipper began, "I don't mind reelin' off a little mite of it to you

fellers, and ef I out with anything but what is Gospil truth, Benny here can stand by to set me right. To commence with, by way of giving you the fust little insight into the thing, I'll have to tell ye that this same old Aunt Polly was a ter'ble cur'us old lady. She was one o' them old ancient-style women-folks that lived all soul alone by theirselves and that it paid anybody always to keep on the right side of, ef 'twas anyways possible. Them that ever once took and sniffed at her, and allowed how she couldn't do 'em no hurt, 'most always come to see their foolishness sooner or later. Ain't that a fact, Benny?"

"Liable to, I guess likely!" Uncle Benny agreed, promptly. "Why, half the folks 'round here them days was scairt of their lives for fear Aunt Polly might git to owe 'em some little grutch or 'nother."

"Oh, wall, land, you, come to that," the Skipper said, "there wa'n't no great call to git anyways scairt of her, ef only you took and handled the old crittur jes' so. She was a consid'ble clever old soul the heft of the time, and liable to keep good friends to anybody that humored her up a little grain, same's 'most everybody 'round here cal'lated to do them days."

"That's all the way to git along with them kind," interposed one of the crew, an old fellow who had lately been shipped farther East. "We had one on 'em down home there to Burnt Coat, where I was raised. Clever as a kitten as long's you humored her up and never crossed her nor nothin', but everybody knowed she was chock full of it, and would turn to and fetch on a gale o' wind in no time, ef she once took a notion."

"Eggsac'ly," proceeded Skipper Ansel. "A man full better never take no chances with them old ancient critturs. Fixin' up the weather was always old Aunt Polly's best holt, and she must done quite a little business at it them days. There was thirty-odd sail o' vessels owned right here to this Cove the time I was a youngster and fust commenced to go, and I'm tellin' you for a fact that of all the skippers and crews out of this Cove them days, I'll bate high you couldn't raise half a dozen but that always made it a p'int to frog up the hill and buy their luck offn old Aunt Polly afore ever their anchor was hove short for a start out of here. Why, land, buying your luck up to her place was cal'lated part of ary vessel's fit-out to the Cape shore in the spring o' the year, as much

as the potatoes and pork and the bar'l of rum. Some scatterin' few might kind o' laugh like at the idee, but up atop of Kentleses' hill they'd travel, jest the samey. Dassent act no diff'rent, that's all there was to it.

"Wall, now, old Skip' Joe Hen Kentle he lived right next-door neighbors to Aunt Polly them days, you un'stand, and besides hern, his house was all the one there was up there atop of the hill. The old sir he'd been goin' ever sence he was the bigness of a trawl-kag, and had made him consid'ble of a little batty, too. For one thing, he owned the whole track of country on the post-road over the hill for more'n a mile's distance. Them days, you see, 'twas the post-road, and kep' up in some kind of shape, but 'twas master steep and rocky and liable to wash out scandalous. Then down here to the Cove Skip' Joe had him an extry good-built cob-w'arft and build-in's, and a couple of the best 'pinks' that sailed out of here, so's there was folks that called him independent rich.

"Wall, bimeby the old sir took a notion to stop ashore over a winter and take a little peace of his life for once. His woman she'd been coaxin' of him to quit goin' for a spell back, but seem's though he couldn't never make up his mind to leave go till this time I'm speaking of. Now maybe I'd full better take and tell ye right here that how I come to know so much in regards to his plans them days was that I was keepin' comp'ny along of his daughter Sophrony, and tended out up atop of the hill there every blame' chance I could git.

"Wall, so the old sir finally concluded he'd stop to home. He set out to haul up the newest of the pinks till springtime, but just about then a cousin of hisn by the name of Simon Kentle showed up here to the Cove, and wanted to git the vessel the wust way. Nobody knowed any great sight in regards to this 'ere Simon Kentle of late years, anyways. Some said he'd been a-piratin' in the Spanish Main, but that might been nothin' only so much gossup-talk, like. Anyways, he did always have a plaguey black look to him, and he'd drink more rum in a week's time than ary hoss could haul down hill. Finally, I couldn't abide the sight of him no-ways, and, in pertic'ler, come to take it after I run of an idee he was kind of castin' sheep's eyes at Sophrony there.

"But the amount of it was he dogged the old sir day and night that time, till at last he coaxed him into the lend of the pink for a

trip out to Porto Reek with a load of dry fish—that is, so they give it out. That kind of took folks all aback here to home, for the reason Skip' Joe Hen had always stuck to there wa'n't no money sending them little small crafts so fur off-shore, and he was awful sot in his views, too. As a rule, you couldn't never budge him no more'n the Rock of Gibberaltar, and, ef I do say it, come to cross him the least mite in the world, he had a temper on him same's a meat-ax!

"But, land, Simon Kentle done the trick someways or 'nother; went 'round and picked him a crew of his own choosin', and they commenced right off to load the pink for the ventur'. Folks all took pertic'ler good notice, too, that Skip' Joe Hen started right in doing his dingdest to fix things all lovely along of old Aunt Polly, and humor her up in every way, shape, and manner. The old lady had always been real good friends to him and his folks, you un'stand, and old sir he always appeared to set great store by her say-so 'most everyways, so for this 'ere kind of extry resky West Injy ventur', seems 's though he laid hisself right out to take and humor her up every way he knowed how. Come to that, though, he always had done pretty much that way. She was all the nigh neighbor his folks had, you see, and every soul on 'em realized they'd full better always handle the old crittur jes' so, for fear she might some day up and try one o' them hell-fired pranks of hern on 'em.

"The old lady was a great one to knit nippers them days, and folks 'most generally cal'lated that to take and buy a pair or two of them nippers off'n her was a plenty to git their luck for the trip. Some, though, would lievser lug her up a little pod o' tea, or snuff and tobacco, for the old lady smoked same's a chimbly the whole blame' time stiddy. But the way 'twas with Skip' Joe that fall, he wa'n't taking no kind of chances whatever, and seems 's though him and Simon Kentle couldn't do enough to humor up Aunt Polly. Skip' he turned to and hauled her a big ox-load of wood, all cut and split, chock to the door, and he give a whole year's fish and potatoes, and then, to top off with, he took and banked up her little place for her clean to the windows with rock-weed—"

"I was thinkin' he took and painted up her door for her too, that time," Uncle Benny here interjected.

"Yes, yes, that's jest what he done!"

assented the Skipper. "You've got the rights on't, Benny. I come anigh plumb forgettin' that part. Take it them days, you see, 'twas always fash'nable to have your front door painted up green. Dear sakes, there wa'n't scursely a house in town, where the folks cal'lated they was anybody at all, but what had the front door all painted up green as grass. Skip' Joe he'd jest been giving his pink's bottom a fresh coat of verdigrease, so he fetched home a pot full and slapped it on to Aunt Polly's door for her. Ticked the old lady more'n a little, that did, now I tell ye; so, come to take and put it all together, no doubt but what the old sir cal'lated for sure she'd go out of her way to give his pink the very slickest slant to the s'uth'ard ever was seen sence the Lord made little apples!"

"Low-down trick if she didn't, no two ways about that," Hacky-Sam Bowse muttered.

"Wall," Skipper Ansel continued, wholly ignoring the cook's remark, "they finally got the vessel all loaded, and hauled her out to anchor in the Cove, cal'latin' to start next morning ef there was a favor'ble slant o' wind. That night, though, folks heard the devil's own shindy going on out here on the water, same's ef some person was gittin' massacred outright, and, come to find out, Simon Kentle was overboard, and like to drowned afore ever they could gaff him into a skift. Then it turned out that he'd undertook, on the sly like, to boat out a big batch of shovels and picks alongside the pink, but bein' as he was chock-a-block with red rum, he made a bad mess of it, and give away the whole business.

"All them farmin' tools going aboard the vessel by night that way jest let the cat out of the bag in proper good shape, for, take it when he was some younger, Simon Kentle had been mixed up in no end of them gold-diggin' scrapes up round this way, and folks all see right off in a minute that's what they cal'lated on this time.

"Some on 'em them days claimed it was Aunt Polly that give 'em the marks for findin' the spot where this great big chist of gold was buried to down amongst them islants there, but I'm knowin' to it for a fact she never; 'twas nothin' only the fool git-up of that air rovin' Simon Kentle from the very fust commencement, and how under the canopy ever he coaxed Skip' Joe Hen into no sech errant is what puzzled folks to fathom.

"Wall bimeby they made out to git a

slant with the vessel, and that was the last heard of her for goin' two months' time. Seems 's jes' though her sailing was a reg'lar signal like for our weather to turn ketchy that fall, and Skip' Joe he'd commenced to feel consid'ble anxious, when one day come word from Simon Kentle, and all the fur he'd made out to git in six weeks' time was to the Delaware. Accordin' to the tell of his letter, in room of having no favor'ble chance down along, they never had half a show to git anywheres. Afore ever they was hardly clear of South Channel she breezened up on 'em into a livin' gale o' wind, a-storming and blowin' like all possessed—snow, rain, and slate, one atop the other, so's for days to a lick all the thing they could do with the blame' little punkin-seed was to take and heave her to under cluss-reefed fores'l, and let her jump into it for God's sakes. Take and heave one of them little old pinks to, you know, and you couldn't drownd her no more' a hagdon gull. You hadn't no need be scairt of a pink's spilling anybody so long's you laid her head-to so's she could look at it; but, land! layin' hove to in sech scand'lous bad weather wa'n't hardly what any of 'em counted on from Aunt Polly. I was in the other one of Skip' Joe Hen's pinks myself that year, and I know we ketched the very Jesse for weather up here, till finally we turned to and laid the vessel up. 'Twas called the hardest fall o' the year, and winter too, that ever come out of the sky, and there wa'n't ary craft to this Cove but that got crippled up and disenabled someways or 'nother.

"Wall, so Simon Kentle he writ home how he was in there to the Delaware with some sails blowed offn him, boat stove, and quite a little bill of expense all 'round. Old Skip' Joe Hen he'd been having to keep on drawrin' his wallet stiddy for a long spell already, you see, and come to get this new setback afore ever Simon Kentle was fairly off soundin's, why, I won't say as you could blame the old sir any great sight for commencing to feel a grain sideways like towards Aunt Polly.

"Still, mind ye, he never once dast open his face to her in regards to anything of the sort for a long spell yit. He jest took it out mullin' and broodin' over it, and makin' his women-folks to home miser'ble like, till in time come a secont letter through the mails from Simon Kentle telling how he'd been ketched in a reg'lar-built harricane, and

towed into Bermudy by a British man-o'-war, nigh a complete wrack; more sails blowed away, bowspreet sprung, mainmast-head gone, and I won't say what all, but he was in a peck of trouble anyways and had got to be all repaired-up bran' new again. 'Cordin' to estimate, what money the dry fish would fetch wouldn't foot his bills so fur, and coming right atop of all the rest-part, seems 's though it was a grain too much.

"Now, right here I'll have to amplify 'round a little mite, like, and tell ye that Aunt Polly didn't have no well o' water of her own them days, but every night she'd take her bucket and come over acrost through a gap in the stone wall betwixt her place and Skip' Joe's, so's to draw her a turn o' water at his well. That had been a habit of hern time out of mind. All them old ancient fly-by-nights that used to live 'round here was old as the North Star, and I cal'late likely Aunt Polly had been travelin' back'ards and forrards through that gap in the wall ever sence Adam was an oakum-boy!

"Wall, then, old sir he took and waited that evening till the old lady come over acrost for her turn o' water same 's usual, and then he steps outdoors and commences to twit her jest a little grain like, never once took none, nor said-over, nor got anyways het-up that time, you know, but jest merely wanted the old lady should un'stand good and plain that this 'ere tormented long-drawn run of bad luck wa'n't going to help buy baby no frock, not by a jugful, and, what's more, he couldn't say as she was using of him what you might call anyways square.

"Wall, Aunt Polly she never made much of any words along of him that time, without it was to try and smoothen things over a grain like. She allowed how she knowed what she was doin' of, right chock to the handle, and said for him never to fret no more, bein' as everything in the end was coming out jest the way he wanted it should, and so on and so on. Now all that sounded fine as could be, but you know the old sayin' is, 'Fair words won't butter no parsnips,' and I guess likely that's about all the way the old sir looked at it that time.

"Wall, though, to git along with my story, it come on winter-time, and, in room of seeing no improvement, seems 's though things kep' right on growin' wuss and wuss. She stormed pretty nigh every day, and never once mortified down a single mite for weeks

and weeks, till next thing come another letter from Simon Kentle telling how that soon 's ever he was all repaired-up there to Bermudy, he'd struck out to locate the master great chist of gold them old pirate fellers had went to work and buried that time; but seems 's though he was forever and a day hitting on jest the exact little low islant where she was buried to, and, by fire! come to git there, he said, somebody or 'nother had got the start of him by not more'n a day's time, he cal'lated, so's all ever they found was this plague-gone great hole in the sand. That was Simon Kentleses' tell, you un'stand; but from what I learnt afterwards, I come to the conclusion that all the hole ever them fellers seen was what they dug theirselves. I was well satisfied of that."

"Jest the same," said the man from Burnt Coat, "I cal'late there's any God's quantity of gold buried 'round 'most everywhere."

"Wall, we won't git up no argymint over that air jest now," the Skipper rejoined. "All is, they never see none that time, and Simon he went on to tell how what money he had by him was pretty nigh dreened; but he was some in hopes to git holt of a chance to fetch home a load of cocoanuts a spell later on, and besides, by waitin', he'd be liable to strike full better weather for coming on this coast again. That wa'n't noways unraytionable neither, for the weather up this way had held so scand'lous tough all the fust half of the winter, 'twan't only nach'al to cal'late likely the rest-part of her would mortify down to something kind of decent like."

"Wall, of course this 'ere last letter never made Skip' Joe Hen feel no better friends to Aunt Polly, but all the thing he could hope for now was that the weather would slack up, and give Simon Kentle some show to fetch home the pink without no more mishaps. No doubt but what by this time the old sir itched in every bone to take and have it out with Aunt Polly, and say-over to her in proper good shape; but he knowed well enough 'twas a resky business aggravatin' one of them kind too fur. And then, too, his women-folks kep' up one stiddy clatter for him never to have no words along of the old crittur, for fear she might turn to and raise the very mischeef amongst 'em."

"But the weather! Dear sakes, the weather growed wuss every day. The harbor froze up solid as a pump-bolt, till the ice like to hove down the Skipper's warft where his other pink was layin' to, and give her the

dickens of a pinchin', too, though much 's a dozen of us worked for a week's time trying to cut her clear. Then again, old sir had him a flock of sheep wintering clean down here on the lower Neck, and bimeby the pore critturs was drove by the snow and cold to troop down to the shore and browse rockweed offn the lidges at low-water slack. Seems 's though this time they'd strayed clean away down outside on the sou'west p'int of lidges, and the flood tide cut 'em off. 'Twa'n't only a matter of a few foot they need to swum to reach the main again. But no; sheep-like, they done the very opposite, and give it to her broad offshore till the whole blame' flock of 'em was drowned to death. So nach'ally the loss of them sheep had to be blamed right on to Aunt Polly, and that again never helped matters out betwixt the two any great."

"Wall, sir, the way it worked, the weather held jes' so perishin' cold and stormy chock through January, without no kind of let-up. Never another yip come out of Simon Kentle, and nobody knowed whether he was atop o' water still or no. But what finally done the business up for Skip' Joe Hen was jest this 'ere: she held scand'lous cold and stormy almost to the very last gasp of January same's I said, and then be jiggered ef she didn't all of a sudden fetch a flop right plumb the other way, jest in time to give us a Candlemas same 's to-day is, so 's by noon-time the roads was all runnin' rivers o' water, and you couldn't set in the eye o' the sun no more'n ef 'twas the middle of summer-time. Them days they'd always say in regards to Candlemas Day:

" "So fur the sun shines in,
So fur the snow blows in!"

That's true as preachin', too, and it settled it for Skip' Joe Hen pretty quick. He seen then right away there wa'n't no kind of hopes of ary change coming, and he commenced to git het-up the very wust way, thinking it over to hisself how bad Aunt Polly had played it on him almost sence the very hour his pink filled away in the Cove.

"The old sir had stood a master sight of crowdin' already, you see; 'specially for one of them pussy-built, hot-headed old fellers same's he was; but by this time he was r'iled clean through and through, and whenever he had them spells come over him, folks best make up their minds to stand from under, for dear sakes! He was liable to take and

heave all reason to hell overboard, as the boy says, and start right in raisin' reg'lar ructions.

"So that same evening, soon 's ever Aunt Polly come over acrost through the wall, up he hops and runs outdoors right in his slipshods, and tackled her fair wild; called her all manner of hard names ever he could lay tongue to, and said-over to her so scand'lous bad everyways that his women-folks like to went into conniptions on the spot. But nothin' under heavens wouldn't stop him, and finally he up and says to Aunt Polly not one more sol'tary turn o' water should she ever fetch from his well as long's he drewed the breath o' life!"

"I used to hear say how he ketched holt of her that time and give her a good cuffin'," put in Uncle Benny Spurling at this point.

"Yes, I know that was how some told it 'round," said the Skipper, "but that wa'n't nothin' only so much gossup-talk. His folks seen it all that night from the back kitchen window, and always claimed he never once laid hand on her that time, nor even teched of her the leastest mite. He was mad enough, in all conscience sakes, but seems 's though he hadn't got quite so fur as to lay hand on one o' them kind, not *that* time, anyways. Guess likely he done enough, as 'twas. Aunt Polly she up and fetches one o' them plague-gone cacklin' laughs of hern, and allowed how she cal'lated to come over acrost and draw her a turn o' water any time she wanted, and never once stop to ask no leaf of him, neither.

"Wall, next morning fust thing Skip' Joe turned to and stoned up the gap in the wall all good and solid. His folks took on awful to see him aggravatin' the old crittur that way, but he never once give 'em no kind of heed. Come daylight the next morning after though, and there was the gap in the wall all opened up again, same's ever she was. There was quite sizable boulders amongst them rocks too, but, land, the bigness and heft of a rock didn't count for nothin' with them old ancient kind, and they was hove right and left, forty ways for Sunday.

"But old sir he was dretful mad, and stubborn withal, and wouldn't take no hints. Seems 's though he never waited for no breakfast this time, but outdoors he put it, and started in again rollin' them great, over-growed rocks back through the snow. Quick's ever Aunt Polly seen what was up, outdoors she slips too, and 'twa'n't but a minute's

time afore the two had commenced their slang again bad's ever. Fust thing anybody knowed, Skip' Joe had ketched a holt of the old crittur, and I guess likely, ef the truth was known, did cal'late that time to give her consid'ble of a shakin' up, but, land, you, he hadn't more'n gripped holt of her arm afore his folks see him tumble all in a heap, and time they got out to him he was black in the face and the snow all reddenin' up with blood out of his mouth. Then, by fire! what doos the weeked old fly-by-night take and do but stand right there afore 'em all and put this cuss of hern on pore Skip' Joe Hen layin' there in his blood—on him and hisn, mind ye, she said, for she allowed how his vessels would be wracked, and the home-place come to be wuth nothin'!"

"Wall, I'll be switched!" cried the Burnt Coat member of the crew. "I'll bate it come true, though!"

"You hold on jest a secont or two, and see whether it come anyways nigh true or not," Skipper Ansel said. "They took and lugged the old sir into the house, and there he laid and laid kind of lingerin' like, but he never once spoke a word to nobody, and long afore laylocks was out they had him un'neath the cold sod. By the middle of the month—that was February, you know—the ice in the Cove had made so ter'ble heavy it hove down the Skip's w'arft complete, and, for all that folks worked day and night to save her, the pink layin' there got cut through and through till she filled up and sunk. 'Twas a scand'lous bad scrape of it fust and last, and, in the end, she was as good as ruined.

"But there! That wa'n't enough, and next thing come news that Simon Kentle had been to work and lost his vessel on the back side of Cape Cod comin' up along. She was a tee-total loss, too; they never even saved no strippin's—said them sand-baggers got holt of everything that come ashore; but then, land, you never could tell nothin' much about that Simon Kentle from a boy up. Anyways, he wa'n't never sighted again here to the Cove, fur's ever I knowed. Wall, inside of two years' time after that the town went to work and built the New Road 'round Kentleses' hill, and that jest left them women folks stranded up there all soul alone by themselves, and scairt day and night for fear of Aunt Polly. 'Twas always consid'ble lonesome like up there, but, land, quick 's ever the New Road was opened up, there wouldn't be ary team go up over the hill once in a

month of Sundays, and 'twa'n't long afore the Old Road had washed out so bad 'twas much as your neck was wuth to try and drive a hoss up it.

"Them women stuck it out up there for a spell, but no help wouldn't stop up there any time along of 'em, till finally Sophrony and me made a hitch of it, and she fetched her mother down to our place in the Cove. They wanted I should quit goin', and try running the old home-place myself, but, dear sakes! I never was no great on farmin' of it, and, besides, I could see plain as daylight how the thing was working. To be sure, Aunt Polly did finally git through not a great while after, but seems 's though, dead or alive; her cuss holds good jest the same. Bimeby the woods up back there took afire someways, and swep' the whole top o' the hill, home-place and everything, clean, without it was that tormented little old shack of Aunt Polly's, and that I cal'late will set there till Doomsday, easy. But the Old Road kep' right on washin'

out stiddy, till 'twa'n't nothin' in the world only a gully, and I'll gurrentee no team ain't been able to git up it not sence we owned the place."

"Why, there!" exclaimed Uncle Benny, "I'd clean forgot you was int'rested up there yit!"

"Wall, I been payin' taxes, anyways, on a big track o' good-for-nothin' land up there for risin' forty years," said Skipper Ansel, ruefully.

"Wall, wall, you! That's news to me!" Benny declared. "I run of an idee your woman left go of it years sence."

"How in the name o' reason was she goin' to leave go of it?" demanded the Skipper. "You can't be shet of prop'ty same 's that so easy. Ever sence the New Road was opened up, 'tain't been wuth a red cent, nor that neither, scursely. It's *teched*, that's what ails it! 'Tain't no more good to me nor nobody else at this day o' the world than ef 'twas clean up atop of Entiminticus Mountain!"

THE FAITH OF SCIENCE

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!"
—*The Ancient Sage.*

ALL men who work and think live by faith. We are accustomed to talk of an age of faith in the past. All ages are ages of faith, but the forms of faith which thinking men adopt change from generation to generation and from age to age.

It is impossible for any human being to divest himself of the influence which his training and environment have upon the forms of his own faith. No man brought up from his earliest childhood under the influence of the accepted Christian teaching of forty years ago can view the belief in personal immortality from a purely scientific and impartial standpoint. He who learned from his mother's lips the story of Christ's resurrection, who in his youth was nurtured on the arguments of Socrates and Plato, can never approach the consideration of the idea of personal immor-

talities from the standpoint of pure reason. For all those who were so nurtured the immortality of the human soul is one of the forms of faith too real, too appealing, too closely associated with all that is deepest and tenderest in human experience, to be treated as a question of pure science.

On the other hand, the men who are to-day approaching what Victor Hugo called the youth of old age have been profoundly affected both as to their philosophy of life and as to their forms of faith by the scientific advance of the last half-century. The attitude of scientific men and their point of view with respect to the question of the persistence of the individual consciousness after death I have endeavored to indicate in the following brief statement.

The widespread influence of science in the last half-century—not alone in physical science, but in the development of historical criticism—has committed thinking men unreservedly to what is called the scientific method in dealing with all facts, all theories, all beliefs. This scientific method implies no

¹ An article by Dr. George Hodges called "The Assurance of Immortality" will be found in *The Outlook* for December 30 last. Other articles on Immortality by Wilfred T. Grenfell, James M. Whiton, and Lyman Abbott will be published later.—THE EDITORS.

new invention, but simply that truth must be sought with open mind, and that it must be followed fearlessly whithersoever it may lead, even though the path lie directly across the oldest traditions. The day when thinking men are willing to yield their intellectual sincerity in obedience to authority or to tradition has gone by.

Under the leadership of this spirit scientific men have come into a faith, concerning man and the universe in which he lives, not so precise or so detailed as the faith of tradition, but none the less a faith comforting and reassuring to a sincere mind. Behind all phenomena of a physical universe infinite in extent, whose existence goes back to a time limitless in duration, the man of science recognizes an infinite and eternal power, the author and sustainer of the universe, in whom we live and move and have our being. This universe he sees to be a universe of laws, although we are not always able to disentangle the expression of these laws from the complicated phenomena which their interaction brings about. The man of science rests secure in the faith that he lives in a universe sustained by an infinite power whose laws make for righteousness and progress. Such a man looks, therefore, hopefully and confidently not only upon the physical processes of nature but upon the progress of his own race. Rising out of a brute ancestry, he sees the race growing century by century in intelligence and moral power. He has faith, therefore, that He who through millions of years has brought us up—it may be slowly, painfully—will lead us gradually into a stronger, nobler life in this world. Science has faith in God and in human progress.

When science turns its gaze toward the question of the continuation of human personality after death, the basis for a reasonable ground of belief seems meager in comparison.

The man of scientific faith is accustomed to the idea of conservation of energy and of its transformations. He knows that energy is never lost, but he sees it transformed from one form of energy to another—heat into mechanical energy, this again into electric energy. All these forms of energy arise out of that infinite and eternal power which sustains the universe.

The human soul is also an expression of that divine energy. That it will never be lost from the total energy of the universe the man of science can readily believe, but that

it will not be transformed into something other than that which we know as our personal consciousness he cannot feel sure. Some such transformation would seem to be in accord with the order of the universe. The man of science awaits some convincing proof of personal immortality, and until such proof can be secured he neither believes nor disbelieves in it. He simply puts this question aside as one for the present unsolved and, so far as he can see at this moment, insoluble by any means available to thinking men. What the future may reveal he does not undertake to say.

Let it be said that this attitude lends itself neither to a pessimistic spirit nor to a less serious view of individual duty and individual opportunity. On the contrary, the man who has accepted this faith turns resolutely to the duties and the obligations of the life in this world. What may await him after death he knows not. He does believe that we are to-day God's creatures, in a world sustained by him. Our duty is to live that life bravely, unselfishly, joyfully, and he believes that in this ideal lies also our greatest opportunity of happiness. It is this faith which the man of science accepts, and the question whether he is to have an individual existence after death has become less and less a factor in his thoughts and in his aspirations. He is content to leave this matter in the hands of Him who has brought us thus far on our way.

It is worth remembering, too, that the doctrine of personal immortality, precious as it has been to generations of human souls, has carried with it much of human suffering and of human demoralization. The Christian world for centuries turned its face from the duties and obligations of this present life to fix its gaze on a life which might come hereafter, but whose obligations lay in the future. The whole progress of the race in this world was mortgaged to the conception of a possible hereafter. And the world has not yet outgrown the consequences of this mistake.

So strong a hold has the doctrine of personal immortality had on the imaginations of men that even the leaders of Christianity have often forgotten that belief in human immortality is no vital part of religion, but simply one of its forms of faith. Religion is the divine life in the human soul blossoming into love and service and faith. Whether our human consciousness survive the change which death brings, or whether it is transmuted into some other form of the divine energy, the religious

life is still the true life of every son of God in this world. No more unreligious word was ever written than Paul's: "What advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we perish." Science holds a higher faith than this. To every human soul her message is a challenge to a religious life in this world: "Whether we live again in an individual consciousness we know not, but this we do know, that here and now and always the Power which has made and sustained the universe calls us to a life of devotion, of faith, of love, of service." In comparison with this truth the knowledge of a future existence is relatively unimportant.

There is, in fact, no feature of the scientific man's thinking in this matter more char-

acteristic than his willingness to be at rest with regard to it. Accepting life joyfully whether it end here or not, he regards a controversial attitude toward the question of a future life as incongruous and impatient. Goethe voiced this feeling in the last years of his life in these words: "I could by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and, indeed, would say, with Lorenzo de' Medici, that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other. But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence; he has no reason to give himself airs about it."

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator's early associations cluster about an ancient colonial coast town—the name does not matter—where, among many habits which are either absurd or charming according to the way you look at them, was observed the chivalric custom of addressing ladies, especially recently introduced ladies whose tastes and preferences were unknown, in terms of something like poetry, or at least in terms of airy nothingness. On the whole, it was not complimentary to the ladies, implying a total lack of judgment on their part; but it helped over many a conversational difficulty, filled many an otherwise blank or sordid hiatus. It was a pretty custom. Besides it was established, like a vested interest. To question it never entered any one's head. Certainly it never entered the Spectator's. Little suspicion was there of the complete, the cataclysmic Waterloo the poor little mannerism was to meet.

Following the advice of the great journalist, the Spectator went West, where he encountered what a modern sociologist would call a significant incident, though he prefers to call it openly an adventure. In due course he was presented to a buxom, red-cheeked, clear-eyed "co-ed." Here was a man face to face with a distinctly interesting woman. The *ensemble* was good; hair perfect, eyes perfect, complexion superb—all good except for one thing. She spoke only in monosyllables. She could not, or would not, converse as we know the meaning of that word. The great gaps of silence were depressing. In this predicament the Spectator bethought himself of his old

conversational expedient, the banal remark with an innocent sex coloring, the coloring of a pleased man addressing a charming woman. On the whole, it was a clever remark. She herself could never have devised a *mot* half as witty. Did the ice thaw under the genial glow? Not a bit of it. She gave him a cold, contemptuous glance. The pretty mouth opened. "Oh, come off," she said.

You've seen apple-blossoms blighted by an April freeze, you've seen tender foliage shrivel when the gardener has left the hot-house window open in January, you've seen— But why dwell upon these painful scenes?

Shortly after, the Spectator became well acquainted with Miss —. As a phenomenon she was new, and he wished to investigate. The most promising opening seemed to be literature. Thackeray she admired greatly. He was so solid, so practical. Towards Shakespeare her sentiments were varied. The philosophic portions affected her profoundly; but the admiration was always tempered by the conviction that Falstaff was nothing but a buffoon, and that Hamlet was, on the whole, rather silly, especially when he tried to be clever. This last with a significant look at her listener. The Spectator was encouraged, however, by discovering that she adored Mark Twain, so followed up that clue by trying her sense of humor with Alphonse Daudet. They read through together two of the Tartarin books, and his spirit was seized with the elation of success. She did have a soul. But, alas! as the second volume was closed, she looked at the Spectator steadily and severely with calm eyes, and said:

"Why is it that writers are usually ridiculous people? They are so lacking in common sense."

It was disappointing humanly; and yet matter for rejoicing. Here was the secret of her life, and the secret in the lives of some millions of her brothers and sisters in America; in fact, the secret reason why so few of the denizens of greater America either relish or write the best literature.

The Spectator undertook to convert her. Said he, modestly: "Are we always to have common sense? Are we not to, let us say, sing and dance, because they are not useful occupations?"

"You recall," she said, sternly, as one giving admonition, "the fable of the grasshopper who sang and danced, and the ant?"

"The ant had a pragmatic value," the Spectator suggested; "it was a common-sense ant."

"Precisely."

As Chaucer frequently observes, "Ther nis na more to sayn." The door of hope was slammed—bang!—in the Spectator's face. What could one say? What could one do for this person? The Spectator understands her now; or thinks he does, though he is not quite sure of it. But, on the whole, he rather wishes he did not. The lure of the mystery was more inspiring than the dry light of the reality.

At the same time, as the illumination of this new fact spreads, he begins to see various things hitherto undreamed of in his philosophy. The old Professor of Literature used to tell his class that literature is the expression of life. Suppose some one were to express this life in literature. What would he write? A sentimental poem? Unthinkable. A romantic tale of love? Most unlikely. A sturdy, honest epic? Possibly, though the parallelism with, say, Dido or Eve or Francesca would certainly be remote. Again, what do such common-sense persons read? Everything. And appreciate? Like the Spaniard, we can only shrug our shoulders. *Quien sabe?*

The common-sense person, as such, cannot write, or read. To write or read well means a sacrifice of common sense, a bartering of the ordinary household and business expedients for a rarer sense of the possibilities of the human soul. Literature is one of those rare and sensitive plants that must be nourished tenderly. It cannot be sown in a field, reaped with agricultural machinery, and traded upon the wheat exchange. (The Spectator has been in an agricultural community, and his flowers of speech come from the field.) It will not grow at the hands of a merely common-sense person, does not thrive in the college organized "on business lines," will not blossom in the mercantile newspaper, and cannot be expected to "produce" and "make good" at so much per ream. Poor literature! It is "down and out," slain by the

stern, sensible chill of the Spectator's fair charmer and her common-sense friends.

Our life and literature—also the co-ed—are passing through an ice age. Yet even now the signs of spring are about us, with warm hope that the winter of our discontent shall again be made into a glorious summer, when the tire-some ant shall learn the modest limitations of his usefulness and once more give place to the joyous grasshopper, who finds it sweeter to sing all summer—yea, and dance—and to sacrifice himself, when winter comes, on the altar of art, rather than be a miserable, crawling, unimaginative, twenty-legged ant; the summer, when the lamb shall frisk in the field for the worship of the god of joy—as the Spectator saw him frisking about the agricultural department of the co-ed's college—without thought of how much wool he is raising; when the little birds shall chant hymns that have no market valuation in the publisher's office; when the wandering harper shall again seize his lyre and, throwing back his gray locks, chant of love and laughter; when the voice of the lyric poet shall be heard in the land, and the itinerant dancing-master again scrape his wheezy violin to the throb of joy-light feet; when the common-sense person—But this is a dream!

Even as the Spectator pens these lines, Dinah brings the evening paper, and he becomes engrossed in the high cost of living, the free list, and Schedule K. Poor old poetry, poor old romance, poor delicate flowers of love shivering in the chill winds of common sense! And yet the summer will come, when joy will be of as much importance as commerce, when the grasshopper shall sing—yea, and dance—and the voice of the turtle-dove shall be heard calling plaintively to the lady turtle, when nature shall sing and laugh, and the miserable twenty-legged ant shall go about his own business of—of—whatever useful service it is the ant performs. Man was not born to work all day in a counting-house, to be a twenty-legged ant, nor woman to exhaust herself in sensible activities. Both were born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward; but the sparks glow and twinkle as they fly, till the very fire-dogs seem to chuckle with a grim *basso profundo* sort of joy. Only man, as he burns out, burns in silence, economizing the last scrap of heat, that he may use it to run a steam-engine. The steam-engine in turn produces wealth to support other men who run other steam-engines. That is the philosophy of the ant. Is it really common sense? Is it really any better than the philosophy of the grasshopper? Certainly it could not produce conversation for the co-ed. And the Spectator, reflecting, wonders much if it can produce literature.

THE NEW BOOKS

Studies Military and Diplomatic, 1775-1865.

By Charles Francis Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

It may well be that, in the light of modern historical research, the history of the American Revolution needs to be largely rewritten; but the criticisms of the conduct of the war, and more particularly of George Washington, indulged in by Mr. Adams in the opening essays of this volume undoubtedly tend to mislead the uninformed reader even more grievously than do the current "hero-worshipping" histories. Granted that Washington's military genius was not nearly so remarkable as we have been taught to believe, the fact remains that he had qualities of the first order as man, soldier, and civil leader, and any portrait which minimizes these and stresses only his defects must necessarily be imperfect and unfair. Mr. Adams may plead that he had no intention of drawing a portrait of Washington; that he merely wished to make a corrective contribution to present historical knowledge concerning him. But in that case he should not have exhumed his Revolutionary essays from the files of the learned publications in which they originally appeared and present them in a book intended for popular reading. His professional brethren have the training necessary to enable them to evaluate the results of his researches and accept them for what they are worth from the corrective point of view; the lay reader, lacking such training, but recognizing the weight of Mr. Adams's authority as a scholar, can only be perplexed, distressed, and led astray. Similarly with the essay on the Battle of New Orleans, which as it stands should be read by the specialist only. On the other hand, certain of the Civil War and diplomatic essays—notably the essay on the ethics of secession and the address delivered at Washington and Lee University on the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee—may be warmly recommended for general reading, and are distinctly representative of American scholarship at its best as contributing directly and powerfully to popular education. This is not to underestimate the importance of the Revolutionary essays; they are of value, but, we repeat, of value chiefly to other professional historians, who, in future works, will no doubt utilize them as far as is deemed desirable for corrective purposes.

Wages in the United States, 1908-1910.

By Scott Nearing, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

This is a statistical study prompted by Professor Chapin's recent estimate that a New York family, consisting of a man, wife, and three children, can maintain "a normal standard, at least so far as the physical man is concerned," on an annual income of \$900. Professor Near-

ing's aim has been to ascertain, with the greatest exactitude possible, the number of families in the United States that have an income equaling that sum. The result of his investigation is most depressing. He finds that ninety per cent of the adult males earn less than \$800 a year, seventy-five per cent less than \$600, and fully fifty per cent less than \$500; while among women wage-earners only five per cent earn more than \$600 a year, and twenty per cent earn as low as \$200 annually. These figures do not exactly indicate "family incomes," to be sure, and they are open to the objection—appreciated by no one more than by Professor Nearing himself—that they have had in large measure to be "estimated," owing to the paucity of trustworthy statistical records with regard to wages. But the comparative method of analysis adopted by the investigator, who has, moreover, confined himself throughout to data of ascertainable validity, gives reason for the belief that he has contributed important, if disconcerting, light to the solution of a real economic and political problem. Obviously, if the facts are as his figures would indicate, one does not need to look very far to discover the cause of the increasing popular unrest and discontent, and the growing "agitation" for some sort of a social readjustment.

Factory (The). By Jonathan Thayer Lincoln. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.

Mr. Lincoln will be remembered as the author of an interesting and essentially human book about the factory operative and factory conditions aptly called "The City of the Dinner-Pail." Mr. Lincoln is, as we understand, the head of one of the great Fall River mills—and the more mill-owners of this kind that exist, the better it is for the country. His present work is a series of brief chapters dealing with the history of industrial development and revolution, mechanical inventions having to do with factory work, the factory system as it is and as it ought to be, and especially the social principles that underlie this subject and the social progress that has been made.

Fool in Christ (The). By Gerhart Johann Robert Hauptmann. Translated by T. Seltzer. B. W. Huebsch, New York. \$1.50.

This book is in curious contrast to the volume of short stories recently published by Hauptmann's well-known contemporary and, in a sense, his only rival, Hermann Sudermann, entitled "The Indian Lily, and Other Tales"—a book of short stories, most of them repulsive to the normal, wholesome taste. Hauptmann's story is as far removed from this as is Milton's "Paradise Lost" from Byron's "Don Juan." It is the history of Emanuel Quint, a young Silesian peasant, who leaves his father's hut one Sunday

morning, walks to a neighboring village, mounts a block, and begins to address the people as they are coming out from church. He is ragged, barefooted, and bareheaded. He is taken off by a constable, who looks upon him as a tramp and takes him to the lock-up. Quint is at times perfectly aware of his actual condition in life, and at other times finds a curious parallelism between his career and the career of Christ. There is a great deal of talk in the story, which is very largely made up of Biblical quotations. Some of Quint's disciples fall into the various forms of hysteria which have appeared from time to time among religious enthusiasts, and which have had a recent curious illustration in this country among the "Holy Rollers." Quint is finally accused wrongfully of murder, and eventually dies in a storm in Switzerland. It is easier to describe the story than to characterize it, but not easy to do either. It is a curiously unworldly tale, lacking in restraint, presenting some very repulsive things, but also suggesting some beautiful analogies, and enforcing some great truths in a very direct and effective manner.

The True Daniel Webster. By Sidney George Fisher, Litt.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.

An important addition to the badly named "True" series of American biographies. Its author bears a deservedly high reputation as a careful delver into the leading facts of American history, and this reputation will not be impaired by the present volume. Already, notably in Mr. W. C. Wilkinson's recent "Daniel Webster: A Vindication," the attempt has been made to "rehabilitate" this great American statesman, and relieve his memory of the odium, both political and personal, cast upon it by historians writing under the influence of the extreme Abolition sentiment of Webster's time; and Dr. Fisher's book admirably supplements and extends Mr. Wilkinson's study. That true patriotism and clear-sighted statesmanship, not ambition for the Presidency, determined Webster's attitude on the compromise plan of 1850; that this attitude was the correct one, as affairs then stood; and that, in his private as in his public life, he was temperate, clean, and upright—such are the salient points stressed by Dr. Fisher in his discussion of the most bitterly debated questions regarding Webster's policies and life. The author, it is true, shows himself something of an extremist in his whole-souled, not to say adulatory, defense of the fallen Lion of the North. But unquestionably he comes far closer to a correct and just portrayal than most previous writers have done. One particularly noteworthy feature of his really exhaustive biography—it runs to more than five hundred closely printed pages, of which none is uninforming—is the care taken to acquaint the reader with exactly the kind of political and social

environment which worked to the shaping of Webster's character, career, and achievements.

Portraits of Dante. By Richard Thayer Holbrook. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$6.50.

Mr. Richard Thayer Holbrook, the author of that clever book "Dante and the Animal Kingdom," has now published another even more interesting volume, "Portraits of Dante." The volume is sumptuous both in print and illustration, as it may well be. Certainly it will delight Dante lovers, for its text is elaborate enough to suit any enthusiast. Professor Holbrook states in full the external evidence bearing upon the most important portraits of Dante. And yet there is only one really authenticated portrait of the poet, who died in 1321, namely, that by his contemporary Giotto, who died in 1336. And there is only one trustworthy description of Dante, namely, that of his contemporary Boccaccio, who died in 1375. But many artists have attempted to paint Dante, and Professor Holbrook devotes many chapters to describing these portraits. His pages are interleaved with reproductions of them. These illustrations are in color, line, half-tone, and photogravure.

Catholic Encyclopedia (The). In 15 vols. Vol. XII. The Robert Appleton Company, New York.

"The Catholic Encyclopedia," of which Volume XII, extending to Reval, is at hand, is a monument to the enterprise of American Catholics. On all subjects relating to the history, doctrine, and practice of the Church of Rome it is a storehouse of the authorized information and instruction required by its clergy and laity. Consequently it is for Protestants also a highly valuable source of official information concerning matters both of fact and opinion as viewed from another standpoint than their own. The article on the Philippines, illustrated by a fine large map, is one of very many to which little or no exception can be taken. Many are of another kind. The article on "Religious Life" defines this as limited to the celibate and more or less ascetic life of priests, monks, and nuns: "Those who embrace it are called religious." "The religious state" is theirs alone who have taken an irrevocable vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience to ecclesiastical superiors. An "evangelical" ideal so impracticable except to few is condemned by its double standard of religious effort, relaxing to the moral nerve of the laity except among the finer-grained minority.

Mind of Primitive Man (The). By Franz Boaz. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Professor Boaz writes in a thoroughly scientific spirit, and his book is all the more effective for that reason. It goes far to show that racial prejudices are prejudices, not scientific judgments; that there are no such inherent and essential differences in races as prejudice assumes; that racial purity in the scientific sense of that term is practically unknown; and

that the danger to the United States from its admixture of races is wholly an imaginary danger. He sums up his conclusion in the following sentence: "I hope the discussions contained in these pages have shown that the data of anthropology teach us a greater tolerance of forms of civilization different from our own, and that we should learn to look upon foreign races with greater sympathy, and with the conviction that, as all races have contributed in the past to cultural progress in one way or another, so they will be capable of advancing the interests of mankind, if we are only willing to give them a fair opportunity."

Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$7.50.

Frederic Harrison is an interesting character, whose contributions to political and religious thought are those rather of the magazinist or journalist than those of the statesman or the philosopher. His importance hardly justifies so full a memoir as this. For American readers at least, one volume of autobiography would have served better than two.

Resurrection in the New Testament (The). By Clayton R. Bowen, A.B., B.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75.

A very careful study of the testimony in the New Testament of the Resurrection, with the conclusion that the faith of the disciples in the Resurrection depended more upon their comprehension of Christ's personal character, with the resultant conviction that he could not be holden by death, than upon "crude, material, sensible evidence of a corpse revived." The book impresses us by its combination of entire frankness and vital faith.

Saint Bernard, from Papers of Theodore Parker. American Unitarian Association, Boston.

The Centenary edition of Theodore Parker's Works, in fourteen volumes, is brought to a close with this volume. We agree with the opinion of the editor in his preface, "that no memorial of this great American preacher and social reformer has been more appropriate or will better preserve his name and influence to succeeding generations than the present reissue of his collected writings." Widely as The Outlook differs from Theodore Parker's theological opinions on some vital points, it heartily recognizes him as a great religious teacher and a fearless social reformer.

Minister and the Spiritual Life (The). By Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25.

The 1911 series of Yale Lectures on Preaching, given by Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, minister of the Central Church in Chicago, and also President of the Armour Institute in that city, has for its theme "The Minister and the Spiritual Life." It is distinctively Christocentric, exhibiting spiritual life as flowing in full vigor only

from complete personal fellowship with the spirit of Jesus Christ. Its method is realistic in its view of spiritual life as "a reality to be estimated in view of the present conditions and convictions, which are somewhat different from those of the passing order of thought and life." This view occupies two lectures in presenting the spiritual life as related, first, to truth and orthodoxy, and, next, to the present social problem. Its exposure of grave and damaging failures is incisive: "Our orthodox rationalism in theology and political economy is our curse." Our deliverance is only in culture of the spiritual life. This "has well-nigh Christianized so-called Christian theology. May not culture Christianize our political economy?"

Problem of Freedom (The). By George Herbert Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25.

Professor Palmer discusses the old but ever-new problem of fate and free will, and shows that the most difficult problem in philosophy can be discussed with a simplicity of style and a clarity of illustration that make it enjoyable to the non-scholastic reader. Without attempting to interpret his teaching in a sentence, we may say that he will give to most readers a ground for the practical faith which most men entertain, that law and liberty are not the antagonists which philosophy has too often represented them to be.

Napoleon I. A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. In 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co., New York City. \$8.

Fournier's "Life of Napoleon" has for more than fifteen years held a first place in the Napoleonic biographic library. Written by a German, its distinguishing characteristic is the lack of partisanship which characterizes most, if not all, of the French biographies. It is judicial in tone, but does not—perhaps for that very reason—present this most dramatic life in its most dramatic aspects. It has been well said of Dr. Fournier that he "is more concerned with historic causation than with historic contrast." This new edition in two volumes has been considerably increased in size by the addition of new material, and is furnished to the English reader in a new translation. It may be confidently recommended to the student of history as an excellent and, on the whole, impartial account of the life of one of the most enigmatical characters in history.

Riders of the Purple Sage. By Zane Grey. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.30.

The purple of the sage and of this title seems to have found its way into the author's style. Zane Grey is a capital writer of plot stories of the kind which rough-and-ready critics say are "full of good, red blood." This book has incident, plot, imagination, and romance; it would have been a quite unusual book in its class if it were not here and there over-written and over-sensational.

BY THE WAY

Five expeditions are now attempting to reach the South Pole—one under Captain Amundsen, of Norway, in the famous Arctic exploring ship the *Fram*; one, a German expedition, under Lieutenant Filchner, in the *Deutschland*; a third, under Dr. Mawson, of Australia, in the *Aurora*; a British expedition under Captain Scott, in the *Terra Nova*; and a Japanese expedition under Lieutenant Shirase. Besides these, an American expedition under Captain Bartlett, who commanded the Roosevelt in the Peary expedition to the North Pole, is being organized and hopes to snatch the prize at the last moment.

Apart from the dangers of extremely low temperatures, Polar exploration seems to be a healthful occupation. W. S. Bruce, leader of the Scotia expedition to the Antarctic in 1904, in his recently published book on "Polar Exploration" says that the death rate of Polar expeditions is probably less than that of the healthiest town in Great Britain. He even predicts that sanatoriums will be established in Spitzbergen and other Arctic lands on account of their immunity from rheumatism, colds, and bacterial diseases generally.

The democratic influence of some famous English schools is illustrated by the fact, as stated by an exchange, that Prince George of Teck, the Queen's brother, now at Eton, is called "Teck" by his schoolmates, and is a "tag" for plain Mr. Freeman Thomas.

Thousands of people crossed the Hudson River from Tarrytown to Nyack on the ice last week. The river here is three miles wide, but the severe weather had frozen the water solidly from shore to shore, and made it practicable even for automobiles to cross in safety.

A novel church memorial, in the form of a landscape painting, is now being executed by Mr. Paul Cornoyer for a Springfield (Massachusetts) church. As a memorial to an art lover this was preferred by the donor to the tablet, portrait, or stained glass window which is usually selected for memorial purposes.

A firm of cotton brokers recently obtained a verdict of \$36,684 against a telegraph company for an error in transmitting a message. The firm's order was: "Sell 20,000 [bales of cotton] March, 12.70." As received the message read: "Sell 20,000 March, 12.07." The market price was above 12.07, but the agent succeeded in disposing of the cotton at the lower figure, like the boy who was told that he must get twenty-five cents a dozen for the eggs, and who reported, "Everybody wanted to give thirty-five, but I beat 'em down!"

Readers of Israel Zangwill's "The King of Schnorrers" may have looked on that marvelous mendicant as a purely imaginary character; but the schnorrers, according to London "Truth," are still much in evidence in England about Christmas time. "The schnorrers of Jerusalem," says that journal, "as usual, flooded England with Christmas appeals, and a good deal of British charity is still annually wasted on these mendicants." Every visitor to Jerusalem, it is stated, is marked for the schnorrers' ingenious appeals.

Queen Victoria of Spain is said to be a connoisseur of old lace. Among her most valued treasures of this description is a wonderful piece of lace brought to England four hundred years ago by Catherine of Aragon when she came to marry Prince Arthur and then to be Queen to Henry VIII. When the English princess became the Spanish Queen, this historic treasure was bestowed upon her as a most appropriate wedding present.

The New York City Fire Department is to be equipped with an apparatus which, by the use of a blast of combined oxygen and acetylene gas, will sever steel bars an inch thick in five minutes. During the recent Equitable Building fire it took an hour and twenty minutes to cut, with a hand-saw, similar bars that held three men prisoners. The new method promises well for the fire-fighters, but

what will the police do when the cracksmen get to using the acetylene blast on the safe deposit companies' steel-barred windows?

Dr. P. H. Eijkman, chairman of the Roentgen Ray Society of the Netherlands and the originator of X ray moving pictures, is in America in the interests of a central organization of international scientific societies. There are some six hundred of these societies, it seems, and it is Dr. Eijkman's plan, as reported, to federate them in one central international body.

Joseph Conrad, author of "Youth," "Typhoon," and other popular sea stories, is a native of Poland. He has two vocations: one is "author," and this he is apt to spell with a small a; the other is "Master in the Merchant Service," and this title shows that the nautical knowledge of his novels is no second-hand dictionary lore, but is honestly come by through practical experience.

The University of Paris is said to have 17,000 students; the Mohammedan university in Cairo, 10,000; the University of Berlin, 9,600; the Universities of Moscow and of St. Petersburg, each 9,000; while Columbia University in New York City has nearly 8,000.

New Zealand, which has introduced so many innovations in governmental matters, has a convenient plan for doing away with postage stamps on large consignments of mail matter. A machine stamps the amount of the postage on the letter or paper. This machine is sold to the user, and the sums recorded by it are collected by the post-office from time to time.

Ogden Mills Reid, son of Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, has been elected President of the New York "Tribune" Association, and will henceforth take a leading part in directing the newspaper with which his family has long been associated.

A letter from Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, has recently been published which contains an interesting allusion to Dickens, whom FitzGerald admired without admiring his imitators: "One is rejoiced to get hold of a Book nowadays that is naturally and easily written, without all that Epigrammatic & Graphic slang which has been the fashion since Dickens's days perhaps. I love Dickens too; but if I had to write books, should return to dip myself in Sir Walter."

The Brick Presbyterian Church of New York City, located at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, is to start a woman's lunch-room for the benefit of the business women of the neighborhood. This section of the famous avenue has practically ceased to be a residence district, and the church is sensibly recognizing the needs of the new population. A daily noonday religious service is also to be instituted.

Lafcadio Hearn is quoted in an exchange as saying, "I think that the language of scholarship will have to be thrown away for the purposes of creative art." As a protest against pedantic expression this dictum may have force; but will not the supreme literary artist always employ all the resources of his language—both the vernacular and the classical vocabulary? Shakespeare in England and Whitman in America, for instance, knew their native tongue both as the rustic and as the scholar know it, and they used both vocabularies—and then properly sighed for more and better words.

Wireless messages, according to the "Electrical Review," have been sent from an aeroplane a distance of thirty-five miles, from an elevation of 1,600 feet. The apparatus weighs about fifty pounds; power is supplied by the aeroplane's gasoline motor; and a wire 120 feet long suspended from the flying-machine forms the aerial conductor. These messages were received at the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

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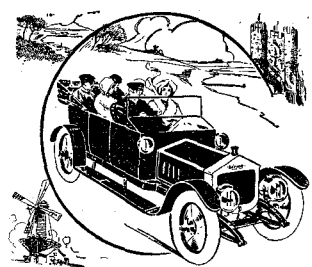
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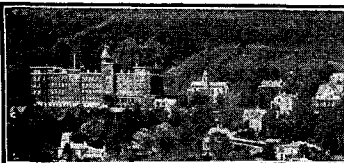
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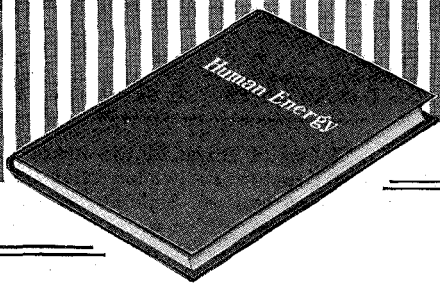
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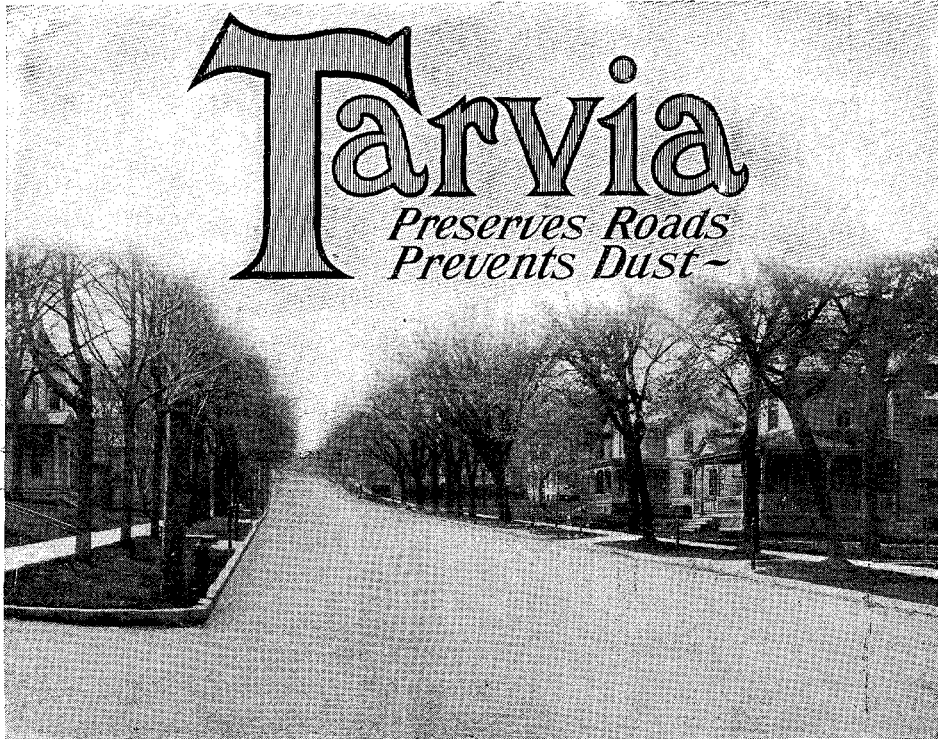
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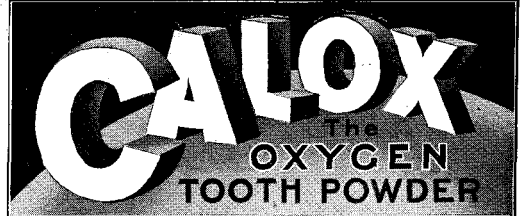
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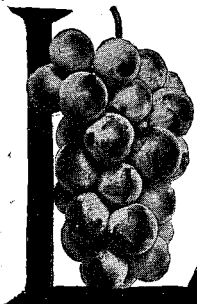
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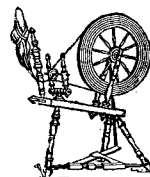
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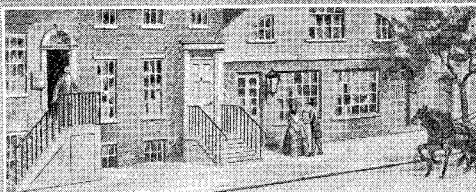
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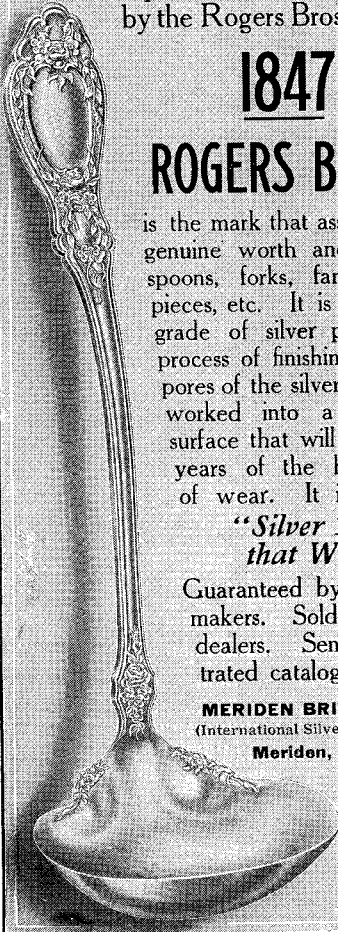
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